THE DVTCHESSE OF MALFY.

A Tragedy.

As it was approvedly well acted at the BLACK-FRIERS,

By his Majesties Servants.

The perfect and exact Copy, with divers things Printed, that the length of the Play would not beare in the Presentment.

Written by *John Webster.*

Horat. —— *Si quid* ——
—— *Candidus Imperti si non his utero mecum.*

LONDON;
Printed by *I. Raworth*, for *I. Benson*, And are to be sold at his shop in S^t. *Dunstans* Churchyard in *Fleetstreet*.
1640.

The Actors Names.

Boſola, *J. Lowin.*
Ferdinand, 1 *R. Burbidge.* 2 *J. Taylor.*
Cardinall, 1 *H. Cundaile.* 2 *R. Robinſon.*
Antonio, 1 *W. Oſtler.* 2 *R. Benfeild.*
Delio, *J. Vnderwood.*
Foroboſco, *N. Towley.*
Malateſte.
The Marqueſſe of Peſcara, *J. Rice.*
Silvio, *T. Pollard.*
The ſeverall mad men, N. Towly. J. Vnderwood, &c.
The Dutcheſſe, *R. Sharpe.*
The Cardinals M^r. *J. Tomſon.*
The Doctor,
Cariola,
Court Officers, } *R. Pallant.*
Three young Children.
Two Pilgrimes.

Antonio, and Delio. Bosola, Cardinall.

Delio. YOu are wel-come to your Country (deere *Antonio*)
You have been long in *France*, and you returne
A very formall French-man in your habit.
How do you like the French Court?

Ant. I admire it,
In seeking to reduce both State and People
To a fix'd Order, there judicious King
Begins at home: Quits first his Royall Pallace
Of flattring Sycophants, of dissolute,
And infamous persons, which he sweetly termes
His Masters Master-peece (the work of Heaven)
Considering duely, that a Princes Court
Is like a common fountaine, whence should flow,
Pure silver-drops in generall: But if 't chance
Some curs'd example poyson't neare the head,
Death, and diseases through the whole land spread.
And what is't makes this blessed government,
But a most provident Councell, who dare freely
Informe him, the corruption of the times?
Though some oth' Court hold it presumption
To instruct Princes what they ought to do,
It is a noble duety to informe them
What they ought to fore-see: Here comes *Bosola*
The only Court-Gall: yet I obserue his raylling
Is not for simple love of Piety:
Indeed he rayles at those things which he wants,
Would be as leacherous covetous, or proud,
Bloody, or envious, as any man,
If he had meanes to be so: Here's the Cardinall.

Bos. I do haunt you still. *Card.* So.

Bos. I have done you
Better service than to be slighted thus:
Miserable age, where only the reward
Of doing well, is the doing of it.

Car. You inforce your merit too much.

Bos. I fell into the Gallies in our service,
Where, for two yeeres together I wore two Towels in stead of
A shirt, with a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a
Romane Mantle: Slighted thus? I will thrive some way:
Black birds fatten best in hard weather: why not I,
In these dogge dayes?

Car. Would you could become honest.

Bos. With all your divinity, do but direct me the way to it, I
Have knowne many travell farre for it, and yet returne as
Arrant knaves, as they went forth; because they carried
Themselves alwayes along with them: Are you gon?
Some fellowes (they say) are possessed with the divell,
But this great fellow, were able to possesse the greatest
Divell, and make him worse.

Ant. He hath denied thee some suit?

Bos. He and his brother are like Plum trees (that grow crooked
Over standing-poo'es) they are rich, and ore-laden with
Fruit, but none but Crowes, Pyes, and Cater-pillers feede
On them: Could I be one of their flattring Panders, I
Would hang on their eares like a Horse-leech, till I were full, and
Then drop off: I pray leave me.
Who would relie upon these miserable dependances, in expection
to be advanc'd to morrow? what creature, ever fed worse, than hoping *Tantalus?* not ever died any man more fearfully, than he that
hop'd for a pardon: There are rewards for hawks, and dogges,
when they have done us service; but for a souldier that hazards his
limbes in a battaile, nothing but a kinde of Geometry, is his last
supportation. *Del.* Geometry?

Bos. I, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter-swinge in the
World, upon a honorable paire of Crowtches, from hospitall
To hospitall; fare ye well Sir. And yet do not you scorne us, for
Places in the Court, are but like beds in the hospitall, where this
Mans head lies at that mans foot, and so lower and lower.

Del. I knew this fellow (seven yeeres) in the Gallies,
For a notorious murther, and 'twas thought
The Cardinall subborn'd it: he was releas'd
By the French Generall (*Gaston de Foyx*)
When he recover'd *Naples.* *Ant.* 'Tis great pity.
He should be thus neglected, I have heard

He's

He's very valiant: This foule melancholly
Will poison all his goodnesse, for (i'le tell you)
If too immoderate sleepe, be truly said
To be an inward rust unto the soule;
It then doth follow, want of action
Breeds all blacke male-contents, and their close rearing
(Like mothes in cloth) doe hurt for want of wearing.

SCENA II.

Antonio, Delio Ferdinand, Cardinal, Dutchesse Castruchio, Silvio, Rodorico, Grisolan, Bosola, Julia, Cariola.

Del. The Presence 'gins to fill, you promis'd me
To make me the partaker of the natures
Of some of your great Courtiers.
Ant. The Lord Cardinals
And other strangers, that are now in Court,
I shall: here comes the great *Calabrian* Duke.
Ferd. Who tooke the Ring oftnest?
Sil. Antonia Bologna (my Lord)
Ferd. Our sister Dutchesse great Master of her household?
Give him the Jewell: when shall we leave this sportive-action,
And fall to action indeed?
Cast. Methinkes (my Lord)
You should desire to go to war, in person.
Fer. Now, for some gravity: why (my Lord)
Cast. It is fitting a souldier arise to be a Prince, but not necessary
A prince descend to be a Captaine?
Ferd. No?
Cast. No, (my Lord)
He were far better to doe it by a Deputy.
Ferd. Why should he not aswell sleep, or eat by a Deputy?
This might take idle, offensive, and base office from him,
Whereas the other reprives him of honor.
Cast. Beleeve my experience: that Realme is never long in quiet,
Where the Ruler is a Souldier. *Ferd.* Thou toldst me.
Thy wife could not indure fighting.
Cast. True (my Lord.)
Ferd And of a jest she broke of a Captaine,
She met full of wounds: I have forgot it.
Cast. She told him (my Lord) he was a pittifull fellow, to lie,

Like the Children of *Ismael* all in Tents.

Ferd. Why, there's a wit were able to undoe
All the Chyrurgeons o'th City, for although
Gallants should quarrell, and had drawn their weapons,
And were ready to go to it; yet her perswasions would
Make them put up. *Cast.* That she would (my Lord)
How do you like my Spanish Gennit?

Rod. He is all fire.

Ferd. I am of *Pliney*'s opinion, I think he was begot by the wind,
He runs as if he were bal aff'd with Quick-silver.

Sil. True (my Lord) he reeles from the Tilt-often.

Rod Gris. Ha, ha, ha.

Ferd. Why do you laugh? Me thinks you that are Courtiers
Should be my touch-wood, take fire, when I give fire;
That is, laugh when I laugh, were the subject never so witty.

Cast. True (my Lord) I my selfe have heard a very good jest,
And have scorn'd to seem to have so dully a wit, as to understand it.

Ferd. But I can laugh at your Foole (my Lord.)

Cast. He cannot speake (you know) but he makes faces,
My Lady cannot abide him. *Ferd.* No?

Cast. Nor endure to be in merry company: for she saies
Too much laughing, and too much company, fils her
Too full of the wrinckle.

Ferd. I would then have a Mathematicall Instrument made for
Her face, that she might not laugh out of compasse: I shall shortly
Visit you at *Millaine* (Lord *Silvio*)

Sil. Your Grace shall ever most welcome.

Ferd. You are a good Horse-man (*Antonio*) you have excellent
Riders in *France*, what do you think of good Horse-man-ship?

Ant. Nobly (my Lord) as out of the Grecian-horse, issued
Many famous Princes: So out of brave Horse-man-ship,
Arise the first Sparkes of growing resolution, that raise
The mind to noble action.

Ferd. You have bespoake it worthily.

Sil. Your brother the Lord Cardinall, and sister Duchesse.

Card. Are the Gallies come about?

Gris. They are (my Lord.)

Ferd. Here's the Lord *Silvio* is come to take his leave.

Del. Now (Sir) your promise: what's that Cardinall?
I meane his temper? they say he's a brave fellow,

Will

Will play his five thousand crownes at Tennis, Daunce,
Court Ladies, and one that hath fought single Combats.
Ant. Some such flashes superficially hang on him, for forme:
But observe his inward Character: he is a melancholly
Church-man: The Spring in his face, is nothing but the
Ingendring of Toades: where he is jealous of any man,
He laies worse plots for them, than ever was impos'd on
Hercules: for he strewes in his way Flatters, Panders,
Intelligencers, Atheists, and a thousand such politicall
Monsters: he should have been Pope: but in stead of
Comming to it, by the primative decencie of the Church,
He did bestow bribes so largely, and so impudently, as if he would
Have carried it away without Heavens knowledge. Some good he
Hath done.
Del. You have given too much of him: what's his brother?
Ant. The Duke there? a most perverse, and turbulent Nature,
What appeares in him mirth, is meerely outside,
If hee laugh hartily, it is to laugh
All honesty out of fashion. *Del.* Twins.
Ant. In quality:
He speakes with others tongues, and heares mens suites,
With others eares: will seeme to sleep o'th bench
Only to intrap offenders in their answers;
Doomes men to death, by information,
Rewards, by heare-say. *Del* Then the Law to him
Is like a fowle black Cob-web to a Spider,
He makes it his dwelling and a prison
To entangle those shall feed him. *Ant.* Most true:
He never payes debts unlesse they be shrewd turnes,
And those he will confesse, that he doth owe,
Last: for his brother, there, (the Cardinall)
They that do flatter him most, say Oracles
Hang at his lips: and verily I beleeve them:
For the Devill speakes in them.
But for their sister, (the right noble Dutchesse)
You never fix'd your eye, on three faire Meddals.
Cast in one figure, of so different temper:
For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,
You only will begin, then to be sorry
When she doth end her speech: and wish (in wonder)

She

She held it leſſe vaine glory, to talke much.
Than your pennance to heare her: whilſt ſhe ſpeakes,
She throwes upon a man ſo ſweet a looke,
That it were able raiſe one to a Galliard
That lay in a dead palſey; and to doate
On that ſweet countenance: but in that looke,
There ſpeaketh ſo divine a continence,
As cuts off all laſcivious, and vaine hope.
Her dayes are practis'd in ſuch noble vertue,
That ſure her nights (nay more her very Sleeps)
Are more in heaven, than other Ladies Shrifts.
Let all ſweet Ladies, breake their flattring Glaſſes,
And dreſſe themſelves in her. *Del.* Fye *Antonio*,
You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.
Ant. I'll caſe the picture up: only thus much,
All her particular worth, growes to this ſum:
She ſtaines the time paſt: lights the time to come.
Cariola. You muſt attend my Lady in the gallery,
Some halfe an houre hence. *Ant.* I ſhall.
Ferd. Siſter, I have a ſuit to you: *Duteh.* To me ſir?
Ferd. A Gentleman here: *Daniel de Boſola*:
One that was in the Gallies. *Dutch.* Yes, I know him.
Ferd. A worthy fellow h'is: pray let me entreat for
The proviſorſhip of your horſe.
Dutch. Your knowledge of him,
Commends him and prefers him. *Ferd.* Call him hither,
We now upon parting: Good Lord *Silvio*
Doe us commend to all our noble friends
At the Leaguer. *Sil.* Sir, I ſhall.
Ferd. You are for *Millaine*? *Sil.* I am. (Haven
Dutch. Bring the Carroches: we'll bring you downe to the
Car. Be ſure you entertaine that *Boſola*
For your intelligence: I would not be ſeene in't.
And therefore many times I have ſlighted him,
When he did court our furtherance: as this Morning.
Ferd. *Antonio*, the great Maſter of her houſhold
Had beene farre fitter.
Card. You are deceiv'd in him,
His Nature is too honeſt for ſuch buſineſſe,
He comes: I'll leave you: *Boſ.* I was lur'd to you.

Ferd.

Ferd. My brother here (the Cardinall) could never abide you. *Boſ.* Never ſince he was in my debt.

Ferd. May be ſome oblique character in your face, made him ſuſpect you?

Boſ. Doth he ſtudy Phiſiognomy?
There's no more credit to be give to th'face,
Than to a ſicke mans uryn, which ſome call
The Phyſitians whore, becauſe ſhe cozens him:
He did ſuſpect me wrongfully. *Ferd.* For that
You muſt give great men leave to take their times:
Diſtruſt, doth cauſe us ſeldome be deceiv'd;
You ſee, the oft ſhaking of the Cedar-Tree
Faſtens it more at root. *Boſ.* Yet take heed:
For to ſuſpect a friend unworthily,
Inſtructs him the next way to ſuſpect you.
And prompts him to deceive you.

Ferd. There's gold. *Boſ.* So.
What followes? (Never rain'd ſuch ſhowres as theſe
Without thunderbolts i'th taile of them) whoſe throat muſt I cut?

Ferd. Your inclination to ſhed blood, rides poſte
Before my occaſion to uſe you: I give you that
To live i'th Court, here: and obſerve the Dutcheſſe,
To note all the particulars of her behaviour:
What ſuitors do ſolicite her for marriage
And whom ſhe beſt affects: ſhe's a yong widow,
I would not have her marry againe. *Boſ.* No Sir?

Ferd. Doe not you aske the reaſon: but be ſatisfied,
I ſay I would not.

Boſ. It ſeemes you would create me
One of your familiars. *Ferd.* Familiar? what's that?

Boſ. Why, a very quaint inviſible divell, in fleſh:
An Intelligencer.

Ferd. Such a kind of thriving thing
I would wiſh three; and ere long, thou maiſt arrive
At a higher place by't. *Boſ.* Take your Divels
Which Hell calls Angels: theſe curs'd gifts would make
You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor,
And ſhould I take theſe they'll'd take me hell.

Fer. Sir, I'le take nothing from you, that I have given:
There is a place, that I procur'd for you

This morning: (the Proviſorſhip o'th horſe)
Have your heard ont? *Boſ.* No.
Ferd. 'Tis yours, is't not worth thankes?
Boſ. I would have you curſe your ſelfe now, that your bounty
(Which makes men truly nobſe) ere ſhould make
Me a villaine: oh, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I muſt dee
All the ill man can invent: Thus the divell
Candies all ſinnes ore: and what Heaven tearmes vild,
That names he complement all. *Fer.* Be your ſelfe:
Keepe your old garbe of melancholly: 'twill expreſſe
You envy thoſe that ſtand above your reach,
Yet ſtrive not to come neere'em: This will gaine
Acceſſe, to private lodgings, where your ſelfe
May (like a pollitique dormouſe,
Boſ. As I have ſeene ſome,
Feed in a Lords diſh, halfe a ſleepe, not ſeeming
To liſten to any talke: and yet theſe Rogues
Have cut his throat in a dreame: what's my place?
The Proviſorſhip o'th horſe? ſay then my corruption
Grew out of horſe-dung: I am your creature *Fer.* Away.
Boſ. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good fame,
Since place, and riches oft are bribes of ſhame;
Sometimes the Divell doth preach. *Exit Boſola.*
Card. Weare to part from you: and, our own diſcretion
Muſt now be your director.
Ferd. You are a Widowe:
You know already what man is: and therefore
Let not youth: high promotion, eloquence,
Card. No, nor any thing without the addition, *Honor*,
Sway your high blood.
Ferd. Marry? they are moſt luxurious,
Will wed twice. *Card.* O fie:
Ferd. Their livers are more ſpotted
Than *Labans* ſheepe.
Duch. Diamonds are of moſt value
They ſay; that have paſt through moſt Jewellers hands.
Ferd. Whores, by that rule are precious:
Duch. Will you heare me?
I'll never marry. *Ferd.* So moſt Widowes ſay:

But

But commonly that motion laſts no longer
Than the turning of an houre-glaſſe, the funerall Sermon,
And it, end both together. *Ferd* Now heare me:
You live in a ranke paſture here, i'th Court,
There is a kind of honny-dew, that's deadly:
'Twill poyſon your fame; looke to't: be not cunning:
For they whoſe faces doe belye their hearts,
Are Witches, e're they arrive at twenty yeeres,
I: and give the divell ſucke.
Duch. This is terrible good councell:
Ferd. Hypocriſie is woven of a fine ſmall thred,
(Subtler than *Vulcans* Engine: yet (beleev't)
Your darkeſt actions: nay your privat'ſt thoughts,
will come to light.
Card. You may flatter your ſelfe,
And take your owne choice: privately be married
Under the Eves of night.
Ferd. Think't the beſt voyage
That ere you made; like the irregular Crab,
Which though't goes backward, thinkes that it goes right,
Becauſe it goes its owne way: but obſerve;
Such weddings may more properly be ſaid
To be executed, than celebrated.
Card. The marriage night
Is the entrance into ſome priſon.
Ferd. And thoſe joyes,
Thoſe luſtfull pleaſures, are like heavy ſleepes
Which doe fore-run mans miſchiefe.
Card. Fare you well.
Wiſedome begins at the end: remember it.
Duch. I thinke this ſpeech betweene you both was ſtudied,
It came ſo roundly off. *Ferd.* You are my ſiſter,
This was my fathers poyniard: doe you ſee.
I'd be loath to ſee it looke ruſty, 'cauſe 'twas his:
I would have you give or'e theſe chargeable Revels;
A Vizor, and a Maſque are whiſpering roomes
That were never built for goodneſſe: fare ye well:
And women, like that part, which (like the Lamprey)
Hath nev'r a bone in't. *Duch.* Fye Sir. *Ferd.* Nay,
I meane the tongue; variety of Courtſhip;

What cannot a neat knave with a ſmoothe tale,
Make a woman beleeve? farewell, luſty Widow.
Duch. Shall this move me? if all my royall kindred
Lay in my way, unto this marriage;
I'd make them my low foot-ſteps: And even now,
Even in this hate (as men in ſome great battailes
By apprehending danger, have atchiev'd
Almoſt impoſſible actions: I have heard Souldiers ſay ſo.
So I, through frights, and threatnings, will affray
This dangerous venture: Let old wives report
I winck'd, and choſe a husband: *Cariola*,
To thy knowne ſecrecy, I have given up
More than my life, my fame.
Cariola. Both ſhall be ſafe:
For I'le conceal this ſecret from the world
As warily as thoſe that trade in poyſon,
Keepe poyſon from their children.
Duch. Thy proteſtation
Is ingenious and hearty: I beleeve it.
Is *Antonio* come? *Cariola.* He attends you.
Duch. Good deare ſoule,
Leave me: but place thy ſelfe behind the Arras,
Where thou mayſt over-heare us: wiſh me good ſpeed
For I am going into a Wilderneſſe,
Where I ſhall finde no path, nor friendly clew
To be my guide. I ſent for you, Sit downe:
Take Pen and Inke, and write: are your ready?
Ant. Yes: *Duch.* What did I ſay?
Ant. That I ſhould write ſomewhat.
Duch. Oh, I remember:
After this triumphs, and this large expence
It's fit (like thrifty husbands) we enquire
What's laid up for to morrow:
Ant. So pleaſe your beauteous Excellence. (ſake.
Duch. Beauteous? Indeed I thanke you: I look yong for your
You have tane my cares upon you.
Ant. I'le fetch your Grace the
Particulars of your revenew, and expence.
Duch. Oh, you are an upright treaſurer: but you miſtooke,
For when I ſaid I meant to make inquiry,

What's

What's laid up for to morrow: I did meane
What's laid up yonder for me.
Ant. Where? *Duch.* In Heaven.
I am making my will (as 'tis fit Princes should
In perfect memory) and I pray Sir tell me
Were not one better to make it smiling, thus?
Than in deep groanes, and terrible ghastly lookes,
As if the gifts we parted with, procur'd
That violent distruction? *Ant.* O much better.
Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit:
But I intend to make you Over-seer;
What good deed, shall we first remember? say.
Ant. Begin with that good deed that first began i'th world,
After mans creation, the Sacrament of marriage,
I'ld have you provide for a good husband,
Give him all. *Duch.* All?
Ant. Yes, your excellent selfe.
Duch. In a winding-sheet? *Ant.* In a couple.
Duch. St. *Winifrid*, that were a strange will.
Ant. 'Twere strange if there were no will in you
To marry againe.
Duch. What doe you thinke of marriage?
Ant. I take't, as those that deny purgatory,
It locally containes, or heaven, or hell,
There's no third place in't.
Duch. How doe you affect it?
Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholly,
Would often reason thus.
Duch. Pray let's heare it.
Ant Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weake delight
To see the little wanton, ride a cock-horse
Vpon a painted stick, or heare him chatter
Like a ravght starling.
Duch. Fye, fye, what's all this?
One of your eyes is blood shot, use my Ring to't,
They say 'tis very soveraigne, 'twas my wedding Ring,
And I did vow never to part with it,
But to my second husband.

Ant. You have parted with it now.
Dutch. Yes, to helpe your eye-sight.
Ant. You have made me ſtarke blinde. *Dutch.* How?
Ant. There is a ſawcy, and ambitious divell,
Is dancing in this circle.
Dutch. Remoove him. *Ant.* How?
Dutch. There needes ſmall conjuration, when your finger
May doe it: thus, is it fit? *he kneeles.*
Ant. What ſaid you? *Dutch.* Sir,
This goodly roofe of yours, is too low built,
I cannot ſtand upright in't, nor diſcourſe,
Without I raiſe it higher: raiſe your ſelfe,
Or if you pleaſe, my hand to helpe you: ſo.
Ant. Ambition (Madam) is a great mans madnes,
That is not kept in chaines, and cloſe-pent-roomes,
But in faire lightſome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noyſe of prattling viſitans,
Which makes it lunatique, beyond all cure,
Conceive not, I am ſo ſtupid, but I ayme
Whereto your favours tend: But he's a foole
That (being a cold) would thruſt his hands i'th'fire
To warme them.
Dutch. So, now the ground's broke,
You may diſcover what a wealthy Mine,
I make you Lord of. *Ant.* Oh my unworthineſſe.
Dutch. You were ill to ſell your ſelfe,
This darkning of your worth, is not like that
Which tradeſ-men uſe i'th'City, their falſe lights
Are to rid bad wares off: and I muſt tell you
If you would know where breathes a compleat man,
(I ſpeake it without flattery) turne your eyes,
And progreſſe through your ſelfe.
Ant. Were there nor heaven nor hell,
I ſhould be honeſt: I have long ſerv'd vertue,
And nev'r tane wages of her. *Dutch.* Now ſhe paies it,
The miſery of us, that are borne great,
We are forc'd to woe, becauſe none dare woe us:
And as a Tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearefully equivocates: ſo we
Are forc'd to expreſſe our violent paſſions

In

In riddles, and in dreames, and leave the path
Of ſimple vertue, which was never made
To ſeeme the thing it is not: Goe, go brag
You have left me heartleſſe, mine is in your boſome,
I hope twill multiply love there: You doe tremble:
Make not your heart ſo dead a peece of fleſh
To feare, more than to love me: Sir, be confident,
What is't diſtracts you? This is fleſh, and blood (Sir)
'Tis not the figure cut in Alablaſter
Kneeles at my husbands Tombe: Awake, awake (man)
I do here put off all vaine ceremony,
And only do appeare to you, a long Widow
That claimes you for her husband, and like a Widow,
I uſe but halfe a bluſh in't. *Ant.* Truth ſpeake for me,
I will remaine the conſtant Sanctuary
Of your good name.

Dutch. I thanke you (gentle love)
And 'cauſe you ſhall not come to me, in debt,
(Being now my Steward) here upon your lips
I ſigne your *Quietus eſt*: This you ſhould have beg'd now,
I have ſeene children oft eate ſweet-meates thus,
As fearefull to devoure them too ſoone.

Ant. But for your Brothers?

Dutch. Do not thinke of them,
All diſcord, without this circumference,
Is only to be pittied, and not fear'd:
Yet, ſhould they know it, time will eaſily
Scatter the tempeſt.

Ant. Theſe words ſhould be mine,
And all the parts you have ſpoke, if ſome part of it
Would not have favour'd flattery.

Dutch. Kneele. *Ant.* Hah?

Dutch. Be not amaz'd, this woman's of my Councell,
I have heard Lawyers ſay, a contract in a Chamber,
(*Per verba preſenti*) is abſolute marriage:
Bleſſe (Heaven) this ſacred Gordian, which, let violence
Never untwine.

Ant. And may our ſweet affections (like the Spheares)
Be ſtill in motion.

Dutch. Quickning, and make

The like ſoft Muſique.

Ant. That we may imitate the loving Palmes
(Beſt Embleme of a peacefull marriage)
That nev'r bore fruit divided.

Duch. What can the Church force more?

Ant. That Fortune may not know an accident
Either of joy, or ſorrow, to divide
Our fixed wiſhes.

Duch. How can the Church Build faſter?
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the Church
That muſt but eccho this: Maid, ſtand apart,
I now am blinde.

Ant. What's your conceit in this?

Duch. I would have you lead your fortune by the hand,
Unto your mariage bed:
(You ſpeake in me this, for we now are one)
We'll only lie, and talke together, and plot
T'appeaſe my humorous kindred; and if you pleaſe
(Like the old tale, in *Alexander* and *Lodowicke*)
Lay a naked ſword betweene us, keepe us chaſt:
Oh, let me ſhrowd my bluſhes in your boſome,
Since 'tis the treaſury of all my ſecrets.

Car. Whether the ſpirit of greatnes, or of woman
Raigne moſt in her, I know not, but it ſhewes
A fearfull madnes, I owe her much of pity. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Boſola, Caſtruchio, an Old Lady, Antonio, Delio, Dutcheſſe, Rodorico, Griſolan

Boſ. You ſay you would fain be taken for an eminent Courtier?

Caſt. 'Tis the very maine of my ambition.

Boſ. Let me ſee, you have a reaſonable good face for't already
And your night-cap expreſſes your eares ſufficient largely,
I would have you learne to twirle the ſtrings of your band with a
Good grace; and in a ſet ſpeech (at th'end of every ſentence)
To hum, three or four times, or blow your noſe (till it ſmart again)
To recover your memory, when you come to be a preſident in
Criminall cauſes, if you ſmile upon a priſoner, hang him, but if
You frowne upon him, and threaten him, let him be ſure to ſcape
The Gallowes. *Caſt.* I would be a very merry preſident.

Boſ.

Boſ. Do not ſup a nights, 'twill beget you an admirable wit.

Caſt. Rather it would make me have a good ſtomack to quarrel,
For they ſay, your roaring boyes eat meat ſeldome,
And that makes them ſo valiant:
But how ſhall I know whether the people take me
For an eminent fellow.

Boſ. I will teach a tricke to know it,
Give out you lye a dying, and if you
Heare the common people curſe you,
Be ſure you are taken for one of the prime night-caps,
You come from painting now? *Old La.* From what?

Boſ. Why, from your ſcurvy face-phyſicke,
To behold thee not painted inclines ſomewhat neere
A miracle: Theſe in thy face here, were deep ruts,
And foule ſloughes the laſt progreſſe:
There was a Lady in *France*, that having had the ſmall pocke,
Flead the Skinne off her face, to make it more levell;
And whereas before ſhe look't like a Nutmeg-grater,
After ſhe reſembled an abortive hedge-hog,

Old La. Do you call this painting?

Boſ. No, no, but you call carreening of an old
Morphew'd Lady, to make her diſembogue againe.
There's rough-caſt phraſe to your plaſtique.

Old. La. It ſeemes you are well acquainted with my cloſſet?

Boſ. One would ſuſpect it for a ſhop of witch-craft,
To finde in it the fat of Serpents; ſpawne of Snakes, Jewes ſpittle,
And their yong childrens ordure, and all theſe for the face:
I would ſooner eat a dead pigeon, taken from the ſoles of the feet
Of one ſicke of the plague, than kiſſe one of you faſting:
Here are two of you, whoſe ſin of your youth, is the very
Patrimony of the Phyſitian, makes him renew his
Foot cloth with the Spring, and change his
High-priz'd curtezan with the fall of the leafe:
I doe wonder you doe not loath your ſelves.
Obſerve my meditation now:
What thing is in this outward forme of man
To be belov'd? we account it ominous,
If Nature doe produce a Colt, or Lambe,
A Fawne, or Goat in any limbe reſembling
A man; and ſhe from't as a prodegy.

Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity,
In any other Creature but himselfe.
But in our owne flesh, though we beare diseases
Which have their true names only tane from beasts,
As the most ulcerous Woolfe and swinish Meazeall;
Though we are eaten up of lice and wormes,
And though continually we beare about us
A rotten and dead body, we delight
To hide it in rich tiff, wall our feare,
(Nay all our terrour) is least our Physitian
Should put us in the ground to be made sweet.
Your wife's gone to *Rome*: you two couple, and get you
To the wels at *Lenca*, to recover your aches.
I have other worke on foot: I observe our Dutchesse
Is sicke a dayes, she puykes, her stomacke seethes,
The fins of her eye-lids, looke most teeming blew,
She waines i'th'cheeke, and waxes fat i'th flanke;
And (contrary to our *Italian* fashion)
Weares a loose bodied gowne, there's somewhat in't,
I have a tricke may chance discover it
(A pretty one) I have bought some Apricocks,
The first our Spring yeelds. *Del.* And so long since married?
You amaze me.

Ant. Let me seale your lips for ever,
For did I thinke, that any thing but th'aere,
Could carry these words from you, I should wish
You had no breath at all: Now Sir, in your contemplation?
You are studying to become a great wise fellow?

Bos. Oh Sir, the opinion of wisdome, is a foule terror,
That runs all over a mans body: if simplicity
Direct us to have no evill, it directs us to a happy
Being: For the subtlest folly proceedes from the
Subtlest wisdome: Let me be simply honest.

Ant. I doe understand your in-side. *Bos.* Do you so?

Ant. Because you would not seeme to appeare to th'world,
Puff'd up with your preferment: You continue
This out of fashion melancholly, leave it, leave it.

Bos. Give me leave to be honest in any phrase, in any
Complement whatsoever, shall I confesse my selfe to you?
I looke no higher than I can reach:

They

They are the gods, that muſt ride on winged horſes,
A Lawyers mule of a ſlow pace, will both ſuit
My diſpoſition, and buſineſſe: For (marke me)
When a mans mind rides faſter than his horſe can gallop,
They quickly both t re.

Ant. You would looke up to Heaven, but I thinke
The divell, that rules i'th'aire, ſtands in your light,

Boſ. Oh (Sir) you are Lord of the aſcendant,
Chiefe man with the Dutcheſſe, a Duke was your
Coſen Germain remov'd: Say you were lineally
Deſcended from King *Pippin*, or he himſelfe,
What of this? ſearch the heads of the greateſt rivers in
The world, you ſhall finde them but bubbles of water:
Some would thinke the ſoules of Princes were brought
Forth by ſome more weighty cauſe, than thoſe of meaner perſons,
They are deceiv'd, there's the ſame hand to them:
The like paſſions ſway them, the ſame reaſon, that makes
A Vicar to goe to law for a tithe-pig,
And undoe his neighbours, makes them ſpoile
A whole Province, and batter downe goodly
Cities, with the Canon.

Duch. Your arme *Antonio*, do I not grow fat?
I am exceeding ſhort-winded: *Boſola*,
I would have you (ſir) provide for me a Litter,
Such a one as the Dutcheſſe of *Florence* road in.

Boſ. The Dutcheſſe uſ'd one when ſhe was great with childe.

Duch. I thinke ſhe did: come hither, mend my ruffe,
Here, when? thou art ſuch a tedious Lady; and
Thy breath ſmels of Lemmon pils, would thou hadſt done,
Shall I ſwound under thy fingers? I am
So troubled with the mother. *Boſ.* I feare too much.

Duch. I have heard you ſay, that the French Courtiers
Weare their Hats on fore the King. *Ant.* I have ſeene it.

Duch. In the preſence? *Ant.* Yes:
Why ſhould not we bring up that faſhion?
'Tis ceremony, more than duty, that conſiſts
In the removing of a piece of felt:
Be you the example to the reſt o'th'Court,
Put on your hat firſt.

Ant. You muſt pardon me:

I have ſeene, in colder countries than in *France*,
Nobles ſtand bare to th'Prince; and the diſtinction
My thought ſhew'd reverently.
Boſ. I have a preſent for your Grace.
Duch. For me ſir? *Boſ.* Apricocks (Madame)
Duch. O ſir, where are they?
I have heard of none to yeere. *Boſ.* Good, her colour riſes:
Duch. Indeed I thanke you: they are wondrous faire ones:
What an unskilfull fellow is our Gardiner?
We ſhall have none this moneth.
Boſ. Will not your Grace pare them?
Duch. No, they taſte of muſke (methinkes) indeed they doe:
Boſ. I know not: yet I wiſh your Grace had parde'em:
Duch. Why? *Boſ.* I forgot to tell you the knave Gardiner,
(only to raiſe his profit by them the ſooner)
Did ripen them in horſe-dung. *Duch.* O you jeſt:
You ſhall judge: pray taſte one. *Ant.* Indeed Madam,
I doe not love the fruit. *Duch.* Sir you are loath
To rob us of our dainties: 'tis a delicate fruit,
They ſay they are reſtorative? *Boſ.* 'Tis a pretty
Art: this grafting. *Duch.* 'Tis ſo: bettring of nature.
Boſ. To make pippin grow upon a crab,
A dampſon on a black-thorne: how greedily ſhe eats them?
A whirlewinde ſtrike off theſe bawd-farthingalls,
For, but for that, and the looſe-bodied gowne,
I ſhould have diſcover'd apparently
The young ſpring-hall cutting a caper in her belly.
Duch. I thanke you (*Boſola*) they were right good ones,
If they do not make me ſicke. *Ant.* How now Madame?
Duch. This greene fruit and my ſtomacke are not friends,
How they ſwell me?
Boſ. Nay, you are too much ſwell'd already.
Duch. Oh, I am in an extreame cold ſweat.
Boſ. I am very ſory.
Duch. Lights to my Chamber: O, good *Antonio*,
I feare I am undone. *Exit Dutcheſſe.*
Del. Lights there, lights.
Ant. O my truſty *Delio*, we are loſt:
I feare ſhe'sfalne in labour: and there's left
No time for her remove.

Del.

Del. Have you prepar'd
Thoſe Ladies to attend her? and procur'd
That politique ſafe conveyance for the Mid-wife
Your Dutcheſſe plotted. *Ant.* I have.
Del. Make uſe then of this forc'd occaſion:
Give out that *Boſola* hath poyſon'd her,
With theſe Apricocks: that will give ſome colour
For her keeping cloſe. *Ant.* Fye, fye, the Phyſitians
Will then flocke to her.
Del. For that you may pretend
She'll uſe ſome prepar'd Antidote of her owne,
Leaſt the Phyſitians ſhould repoyſon her.
Ant. I am loſt in amazement: I know not what to think on't. *Ex.*

SCENA II.

Boſola, Old Lady, Antonio, Rodorico, Griſolan. Servants, Delio, Cariola.

Boſ. So ſo: there's no queſtion but her teatchives
And moſt vulterous eating of the Apricocks, are apparant
Signes of breeding, now? *Old La.* I am in haſte (Sir)
Boſ. There was a yong waiting-woman, had a monſtrous deſire
To ſee the Glaſſe-houſe. *Old La.* Nay pray let me go.
Boſ. And it was only to know what ſtrange inſtrument it was,
Should ſwell up a Glaſſe to the faſhion of a womans belly.
Old La. I will heare no more of the Glaſſe-houſe,
You are ſtill abuſing women?
Boſ. Who I? no, only (by the way now and then) mention
Your frailties. The Orrenge tree beare ripe and greene
Fruit, and bloſſoms altogether: and ſome of you give entertainment
For pure love: but more for more preceious reward. The luſty
Spring ſmels well: but drooping Autumne taſts well: If we
Have the ſame golden ſhowres, that rained in the time of *Jupiter*
The Thunderer, you have the ſame *Danes* ſtill, to hold up their
Laps to receive them: didſt thou never ſtudy the *Mathematiques*?
Old La. What's that (ſir)
Boſ. Why, to know the tricke how to make a many lines meete
In one center: Go, go; give your foſter-daughters good counſell;
Tell them, that the divell takes delight to hang at a womans girdle
Like a falſe ruſty watch that ſhe cannot diſcerne how
The time paſſes. *Ant.* Shut up the Court gates.

Rod. Why ſir? what's the danger?
Ant. Shut up the poſternes preſently: and call
All the Officers o'th'Court. *Griſ.* I ſhall inſtantly.
Ant. Who keepes the key o'th'Park-gate?
Rod. Foreboſco. *Ant.* Let him bring't preſently.
Servant. Oh, Gentlemen o'th'Court, the fowleſt treaſon.
Boſ. If that theſe Apricocks ſhould be poyſon'd now;
Without my knowledge.
Serv. There was taken even now a Switzer
In the Dutcheſſe Bed-chamber. 2 *Serv.* A Switzer?
Serv. With a piſtoll in his great cod-piece.
Boſ. Ha, ha, ha. *Serv.* The cod-piece was the caſe for't.
2 *Serv.* There was a cunning traitor.
Who would have ſearch'd his cod-piece?
Serv. True, if he had kept out of the Ladies chambers:
And all the mowldes of his buttons, were leaden bullets.
2 *Ser.* Oh wicked Caniball: a fire-lock in's cod-piece?
Serv. 'Twas a French plot upon my life.
2 *Serv.* To ſee what the divell can doe.
Ant. All the Officers here. *Ser.* We are. *Ant.* Gentlemen,
We have loſt much plate you know; and but this evening
Jewels, to the value of foure thouſand Duckats,
Are miſſing in the Dutcheſſe Cabinet,
Are the gates ſhut? *Serv.* Yes.
Ant. 'Tis the Dutcheſſe pleaſure
Each Officer be lock'd into his chamber
Till the Sun-riſing: and to ſend the keyes
Of all their cheſts, and of their outward doores
Into her Bed-chamber: She is very ſicke.
Rod. At her pleaſure.
Ant. She intreats you tak't not ill: The innocent
Shall be the more approv'd by it.
Boſ. Gentleman o'th'Wood-yard, where's your Switzer now?
Serv. By this hand 'twas credibly reported by one o'th'Black-
Del. How fares it with the Dutcheſſe? (guard.
Ant. She's expos'd
Unto the worſt of torture, paine and feare.
Del. Speake to her all happy comfort.
Ant. How I do play the foole with mine owne danger?
You are this night (deare friend) to poſte to *Rome*,

My

My life lies in your ſervice. *Del.* Do not doubt me.
Ant. Oh, 'tis farre from me: and yet feare preſents me
Somewhat that looks like danger.
Del Beleeve it,
'Tis but the ſhadow of your feare, no more:
How ſuperſtitious ſly we mind our evils?
The throwing downe ſalt, or croſſing of a Hare;
Bleeding at noſe, the ſtumbling of a horſe:
Or ſinging of a Cricket, are of power
To daunt whole men in us: Sir, fare you well:
I wiſh you all the joyes of a bleſt father;
And (for my faith) lay this into your breſt,
Old friends (like old ſwords) ſtill are truſted beſt.
Cariola. Sir, you are the happy father of a ſonne,
Your wife commends him to you. *Ant.* Bleſſed comfort:
For Heaven ſake tend her well: I'le preſently
Go ſet a figure for's Nativity. *Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

Boſola, Antonio,

Boſ. Sure I did heare a woman ſhrieke: liſt, hah?
And the ſound came (if I receiv'd it right)
From the Dutcheſſe lodgings: there's ſome ſtratagem,
In the confining all our Courtiers
To their ſeverall wards: I muſt have part of it,
My Intelligence will frieze elſe: Liſt againe,
It may be 'twas the melancholl bird,
(Beſt friend of ſilence, and of ſolitarines)
The Owle, that ſchream'd ſo: hah? *Antonio?*
Ant. I heard ſome noyſe: whoſe there? what are thou? ſpeak.
Boſ. Antonio? Put not your face; nor body
To ſuch a forc'd expreſſion of feare,
I am *Boſola* your friend. *Ant. Boſola?*
(This Moale do's undermin me) heard you not
A noiſe even now? *Boſ.* From whence?
Ant. From the Dutcheſſe lodging.
Boſ. Not I: did you? *Ant.* I did, or elſe I dream'd.
Boſ. Let's walke towards it.
Ant. No; It may be 'twas

But

But the rising of the winde. *Bos.* Very likely:
Methinkes 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat.
You looke wildly.
Ant. I have bin setting a figure
For the Dutchesse Jewels;
Bos. Ah, and how falls your question?
Do you find it radicall? *Ant.* What's that to you?
'Tis rather to be question'd what designe
(When all men were commanded to their lodgings)
Makes you a night-walker.
Bos. In sooth I'le tell you:
Now all the Court's asleepe, I thought the divell
Had least to doe here; I came to say my prayers,
And if it doe offend you, I doe so,
You are a fine Courtier.
Ant. This fellow will undoe me;
You gave the Dutchesse Apricocks to day,
Pray heaven they were not poyson'd?
Bos. Poyson'd? a Spanish fig
For the imputation. *Ant.* Traitors are ever confident,
Till they are discover'd: There were Jewels stolne too,
In my conceit, none are to be suspected
More than your selfe. *Bos.* You are a false Steward.
Ant. Sawcy slave; I'le pull thee up by the rootes.
Bos. May be the ruyne will crush you to peeces.
Ant. You are an impudent snake indeed (sir)
Are you scarce warme, and doe you shew your sting?
You Libell well (sir.) *Bos.* No sir,
Copy it out, and I will set my hand to't.
Ant. My nose bleeds: One that were superstitious, would count
This ominous when it meerely comes by chance.
Two letters, that are wrought here for my name
Are drown'd in blood, meere accident: for you (sir) I'le take order;
I'th morne you shall be safe; 'tis that must colour
Her lying in; sir, this dore you passe not:
I doe not hold it fit, that you come neere
The Dutchesse lodgings, till you have quite your selfe;
The Great are like the Base; nay, they are the same,
When they seek shamefull waies, to avoyd shame. *Exit.*
Bos. *Antonio* here about, did drop a Paper,

Some

Some of your helpe (falſe friend) oh, here it is:
What's here? a childes Nativity calculated?

The Dutcheſſe was deliver'd of a Sonne, 'tweene the houres twelve and one in the night: Anno Dom: 1504, *(that's this yeer)* decimo nono Decembris, *(that's this night) taken accordi g to the Meridian of Malfy (that's our Dutcheſſe, happy diſcovery.) the Lord of the firſt houſe being combuſt in the aſcendant, ſignifies ſhort life: and* Mars *being in a humane ſigne, joyn'd to the taile of the Dragon, in the eight houſe, doth threaten a violent death;*
Cætera non ſcrutantur.

Why now 'tis moſt apparant: This precife fellow
Is the Dutcheſſe Bawde: I have it to my wiſh:
This is a parcell of Intelligency
Our Courtiers were caſ'd up for? It needes muſt follow,
That I muſt be committed, on pretence
Of poyſoning her: which I'le endure, and laugh at:
If one could finde the father now: but that
Time will diſcover; Old *Caſtruchio*
I'th morning poſts to *Rome*; by him I'le ſend
A Letter, that ſhall make her brothers Galls
Ore-flow their Livers, this was a thrifty way,

Though luſt doe maſque in neat ſo ſtrange diſguiſe,
She's oft found witty, but is never wiſe.

SCENA IIII.

Cardinall, and Julia, Servant, and Delio.

Card. Sit: thou art my beſt of wiſhes, prethee tell me
What tricke didſt thou invent to come to *Rome*,
Without thy husband? *Jul.* Why (my Lord) I told him
I came to viſit an old Anchorite
Here, for devotion. *Card.* Thou art a witty falſe one:
I meane to him. *Jul.* You have prevailed with me
Beyond my ſtrongeſt thoughts: I would not now
Find you inconſtant. *Card.* Do not put thy ſelfe
To ſuch a voluntary torture, which proceedes
Out of your owne guilt. *Jul.* (How my, Lord?)
Card. You feare my conſtancy, becauſe you have approov'd.
Thoſe giddy and wild turning in your ſelfe.
Jul. Did you ere find them?
Card. Sooth generally for women;
A man might ſtrive to make glaſſe male-able,

Ere he should make them fixed, *Jul.* So, (my Lord)
Card. We had need go borrow that fantastique glasse
Invented by *Galileo* the Florentine,
To view another spacious world i'th Moone,
And look to finde a constant woman there.
Jul. This is very well (my Lord.)
Card. Why do you weep?
Are teares your justification? the selfesame teares
Will fall into your husbands bosome, (Lady)
With a loud protestation, that you love him
Above the world: Come, I'le love you wisely,
That jealously, since I am very certaine
You cannot make me cuckould. *Jul.* I'le go home
To my husband. *Card.* You may thanke me Lady,
I have taken you off your melancholly pearch,
Boare you upon my fist, and shew'd you game,
And let you flye at it: I prethee kisse me,
When thou was't with thy husband, thou was't watcht
Like a tame Elephant: (still you are to thanke me)
Thou hadst only kisses from him, and high feeding,
But what delight was that? 'twas just like one
That hath a little fingring on the Lute,
Yet cannot tune it: (still you are to thanke me.)
Jul. You told me of a piteous wound i'th heart,
And a sicke liver, when you woed me first,
And spake like one in ph sicke. *Card.* Who's that?
Rest firme, for my affection to thee,
Lightning moves slow to't. *Serv.* Madam a Gentleman
That's come poste from *Malfy*, desires to see you.
Car. Let him enter, I'le withdraw. *Ex. Ser.* He saies,
Your husband (old *Castruchio*) is come to *Rome*,
Most pittifully tyr'd with riding post.
Jul. Signior *Delio*? 'tis one of my old Suitors.
Del. I was bold and come to see you.
Jul Sir, you are welcome. *Del.* Do you lie here?
Jul. Sure, your owne experience
Will satisfie you now, our Romane Prelates
Do not keep lodging for Ladies. *Del.* Very well:
I have brought you no commendations from your husband,
For I know none by him. *Jul.* I heare he's come to *Rome*.

Del.

Del. I never knew man, and beaſt, of a horſe, and a knight,
So weary of each other, if he had had a good back,
He would have undertooke to have borne his horſe,
His breech was ſo pitifully ſore. *Jul.* Your laughter,
Is my pitty. *Del.* Lady, I know not whether
You want mony, but I have brought you ſome.
Jul. From my husband?
Del. No, from mine own allowance.
Jul. I muſt heare the condition ere I be bound to take it.
Del. Look on't, 'tis gold, hath it not a fine colour?
Jul. I have a Bird more beautifull.
Del. Try the ſound on't. *Jul.* A Lute-ſtring far exceeds it,
It hath no ſmell, like Caſſia, or Cyvit,
Nor is it phiſicall, though ſome fond Doctors
Perſwade us, ſeeth's in Cullifſes, I'le tell you,
This is a Creature bred by———
Ser. Your husband's come,
Hath deliver'd a letter to the Duke of *Calabria*, that,
To my thinking hath put him out of his wits.
Jul. Sir, you heare,
Pray let me know your buſineſſe, and your ſuite,
As briefly as can be.
Del. With good ſpeed, I would with you
(At ſuch time, as you are non-reſident
With your husband) my Miſtris.
Jul. Sir, Ile go aske my husband if I ſhall,
And ſtraight returne your anſwer. *Exit.*
Del. Very fine, Is this her wit, or honeſty that ſpeak thus?
I heard one ſay the Duke was highly mov'd
With a letter ſent from *Malfy*: I do feare
Antonio is betray'd: how fearfully
Shewes his ambition now, (unfortunate Fortune)
They paſſe through whirle-pooles, and deep woes do ſhun,
Who the event weigh, ere the action's done.

SCENA V.

Cardinall, and Ferdinand, with a letter.

Ferd. I have this night dig'd up a man-darke.
Car. Say you? *Ferd.* And I am grown mad with't.
Car. What's the progedy?

Ferd. Read there, a ſiſter damn'd, ſhe's looſe i'th'hilts:
Growne a notorious ſtrumpet.
Car. Speake lower. *Ferd.* Lower?
Rogues do not whiſper't now, but ſeeke to publiſh't,
(As ſervants do the bounty of their Lords)
Aloud; and with a covetous ſearching eye,
To marke who note them: Oh confuſion ſeaſe her,
She hath had moſt cunning bawdes to ſerve her turne,
And more ſecure conveyances for luſt,
Than Townes of garriſon for ſervice. *Card.* Is't poſſible?
Can this be certaine? *Ferd.* Rubarbe, oh for rubarbe
To purge this choller, here's the curſed day
To prompt my memory and here 't ſhall ſticke
Till of her bleeding heart I make a ſponge
To wipe it out. *Card.* Why doe you make your ſelfe
So wild a tempeſt? *Ferd.* Would I could be one,
That I might toſſe her pallace 'bout her eares,
Root up her goodly forreſts, blaſt her meades,
And lay her generall territory as waſte,
As ſhe hath done her honors. *Card.* Shall our blood?
(The royall blood of *Arragon*, and *Caſtile*)
Be thus attaincted? *Ferd.* Apply deſperate phyſicke,
We muſt not now uſe Balſamum, but fire,
The ſmarting cupping-glaſſe, for that's the meane
To purge infected blood, (ſuch blood as hers:)
There is a kinde of pitty in mine eye,
I'le give it to my hand-kercher; and now 'tis here,
I'le bequeath this to her Baſtard. *Card.* What to doe?
Ferd. Why to make ſoft lint for his mothers wounds,
When I have hewed her to peeces.
Card. Curs'd creature,
Unequall nature, to place womens hearts
So farre upon the left-ſide. *Ferd.* Fooliſh men,
That ere will truſt their honor in a Barke,
Made of ſo ſlight, weake bul-ruſh, as this woman,
Apt every minute to ſinke it? *Card.* Thus
Ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honor,
It cannot weild it.
Ferd. Me thinkes I ſee her laughing,
Excellent *Hyena*, talke to me ſomewhat, quickly,

Or my imagination will carry me
To see her in the shametull act of sinne. *Card.* With whom?
Ferd. Happily, with some strong thigh'd Bargeman?
Or one th'wood-yard, that can quoit the sledge,
Or tosse the barre, or else some lovely Squire
That carries coles up to her private lodgings.
Card. You fly beyond your reason.
Ferd. Goto (Mistris.)
'Tis not your whores milke that can quench my wild-fire,
But your whores blood.
Card. How idlely shewes this rage?
Which carries you, as men convey'd by witches, through the ayre,
On violent whirle-windes: this intemperate noise,
Fitly resembles deafe mens shrill discourse,
Who talke aloud, thinking all other men
To have their imperfection. *Ferd.* Have not you
My palsey? *Card.* Yes, I can be angry
Without this rupture, there is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger: chide your selfe,
You have divers men, who never yet expresst
Their strong desire of rest, but by unrest,
By vexing of themselves: Come, put your selfe
In tune. *Ferd.* So, I will only study to seeme
The thing I am not: I could kill her now,
In you, or in my selfe, for I doe thinke
It is some sinne in us, Heaven doth revenge
By her. *Card.* Are you starke mad?
Ferd. I would have their bodies
Burnt in a cole-pit, with the ventage stop'd,
That their curs'd smoake might not ascend to Heaven:
Or dip the sheetes they lie in, in pitch or sulphure,
Wrap them in't, and then light them like a match:
Or else to boyle their Bastard to a cullisse,
And giv't his leacherous father, to renew
The sinne of his backe.
Card. I'le leave you. *Ferd.* Nay, I have done,
I am confident, had I bin damn'd in hell,
And should have heard of this, it would have put me
Into a cold sweat: In, in, I'le go sleepe,

Till I know who leapes my ſiſter, I'le not ſtirre:
That knowne, I'le finde Scorpions to ſting my whips.
And fix her in a generall eccliplſe. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Antonio, and Delio, Dutcheſſe, Ferdinand, Boſola,

Ant. Our noble friend (my moſt beloved *Delio*)
Oh, You have bin a ſtranger long at Court,
Came you along with the Lord *Ferdinand?*
Del. I did ſir, and how fares your noble Dutcheſſe
Ant. Right fortunately well: She's an excellent
Feeder of pedegrees: ſince you laſt ſaw her,
She hath had two children more, a ſonne and daughter.
Del. Methinkes 'twas yeſterday: Let me but winke,
And not beho'd your face, which to mine eye
Is ſomewhat leaner, verily I ſhould dreame
It were within this halfe houre.
Ant. You have not beene in Law (friend *Delio*)
Nor in priſon, nor a ſuitor at the Court,
Nor beg'd the reverſion of ſome great mans place,
Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make
Your time ſo inſencibly haſten. *Del.* Pray ſir tell me,
Hath not this newes arriv'd yet to the eare
Of the Lord Cardinall? *Ant.* I feare it hath,
The Lord *Ferdinand* (that's newly come to Court)
Doth beare himſelfe right dangerouſly. *Del.* Pray why?
Ant. He is ſo quiet, that he ſeemes to ſleepe
The tempeſt out (as Dormice do in winter)
Thoſe houſes that are haunted, are moſt ſtill,
Till the divell be up. *Del.* What ſay the common people.
Ant. The common-rable, do directly ſay
She is a Strumpet. *Del.* And your graver heads,
(Which would be politique) what cenſure they?
Ant. They do obſerve, I grow to infinite purchaſe
The left hand way, and all ſuppoſe the Dutcheſſe
Would amend it, if ſhe could: For, ſay they
Great Princes, though they grudge their Officers
Should have ſuch large, and unconfined meanes
To get wealth under them, will not complaine

Leſt

Leſt thereby they ſhould make them odious
Unto the people, for other obligation
Of love or marriage, betweene her and me,
They never dreame of. *Del.* The Lord *Ferdinand*
Is going to bed. *Ferd.* I'le inſtanly to bed,
For I am weary; I am to be-ſpeake
A husband for you. *Duch.* For me ſir? pray who is't?
Ferd. The great Count *Malateſte*. *Duch.* Fye upon him,
A Count? he's a meere ſticke of Sugar-candy,
(You may looke quite thorough him) when I chooſe
A husband, I will marry for your honor.
Ferd. You ſhall do well in't: How is't (worthy *Antonio?*)
Duch. But (Sir) I am to have private conference with you,
About a ſcandalous report, is ſpread
Touching mine honor. *Ferd.* Let me be ever deafe to't:
One of Paſquils paper-bullets, court calumney,
A peſtilent ayre, which Princes Pallaces
Are ſeldome purg'd off: Yet, ſay that it were true,
I poure it in your boſome, my fix'd love,
Would ſtrongly excuſe, extenuate, nay deny
Faults where they apparant in yon: Go be ſafe
In your owne innocency. *Duch.* Ohbleſs'd comfort.
This deadly ayre is purg'd. *Exeunt*
Ferd. Her guilt treads on
Hot burning cultures: Now *Boſola*,
How thrives our intelligence? *Boſ.* Sir uncertainly,
'Tis rumour'd ſhe hath had three baſtards, but
By whom, we may go read i'th'Starres. *Ferd.* Why ſo me
Hold opinion, all things are written there.
Boſ. Yes, if we could finde Spectacles to read them,
I do ſuſpect, there hath bin ſome Sorcery
Us'd on the Dutcheſſe. *Ferd.* Sorcery, to what purpoſe?
Boſ. To make her dote on ſome deſertles fellow,
She ſhames to acknowledge.
Ferd. Can your faith give way
To thinke there's power in potions, or in Charmes,
To make us love, whether we will or no?
Boſ. Moſt certainly.
Ferd. Away, theſe are meere gulleries, horred things
Invented by ſome cheating Mounte-bankes

To

To abuſe us: Do you thinke that herbes, or charmes
Can force the will? Some trialls have bin made
In this fooliſh practiſe, but the ingredients
Were lenative poyſons, ſuch as are of force
To make the patient mad; and ſtraight the witch
Sweares (by equivocation, they are in love.
The witch-craft lies in her rancke blood: this night
I will force confeſſion from her: You told me
You had got (within theſe two dayes) a falſe key
Into her Bed-chamber. *Boſ.* I have.
Ferd. As I would wiſh.
Boſ. What doe you intend to do? *Ferd.* Can you gheſſe?
Boſ. No. *Ferd.* Do not aske then:
He that can compaſſe me, and know my drifts,
May ſay he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,
And ſounded all her quick-ſands. *Boſ.* I doe not
Thinke ſo. *Ferd.* What do you thinke then, pray;
Boſ. That you are
Your owne Chronicle too much: and groſly
Flatter your ſelfe. *Ferd.* Give me thy hand, I thanke thee:
I never gave Penſion but to flatterers,
Till I entertained thee: farewell.
That friend a great mans ruine ſtrongly checks,
Who rales into his beliefe, all his defects.

SCENA II.

Dutcheſſe, Antonio, Cariola, Ferdinand, Boſola, Officers.

Dutch. Bring me the Casket hither, and the Glaſſe;
You get no lodging here, to night (my Lord.)
Ant. Indeed I muſt perſwade one. *Dutch.* Very good:
I hope in time 'twill grow into a cuſtome,
That Noble men ſhall come with cap and knee,
To purchaſe a nights lodging of their wives.
Ant. I muſt lye here.
Dutch. Muſt? you are a Lord of miſ-rule.
Ant. Indeed, my rule is only in the night.
Dutch. To what uſe will you put me?
Ant. We'll ſleep together.
Dutch. Alas, what pleaſure can two Lovers find in ſleepe?
Car. My Lord, I lye with her often: and I know

She'll much diſquiet you.

Ant. See, you are complain'd of.

Car. For ſhe's the ſprawlingſt bedfellow.

Ant. I ſhall like her the better for that.

Car. Sir, ſhall I aske you a queſtion?

Ant. I pray thee *Cariola.*

Car. Wherefore ſtill when you lye with my Lady
Do you riſe ſo early? *Ant.* Labouring men
Count the Clocke oftneſt *Cariola,*
Are glad when their task's ended. *Dutch.* I'le ſtop your mouth.

Ant. Nay, that's but one, *Venus* had two ſoft Doves
To draw her Chariot: I muſt have another:
When wilt thou marry *Cariola?* *Car.* Never (my Lord)

Ant. O fie upon this ſingle life: forgo it:
We read how *Daphne,* for her peeviſh flight
Became a fruitleſſe Bay-tree: *Syrinx* turn'd
To the pale empty Reede: *Anaxarate*
Was frozen into Marble: whereas thoſe
Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends
Were, by a gracious influence, tranſhap'd
Into the Olive, Pomgranet, Mulbery:
Beeame Flowers, precious Stones, or eminent Starres.

Car. This is a vaine Poetry; but I pray you tell me,
If there were propos'd me, wiſdome, riches, and beauty,
In three ſeverall yong men, which ſhould I chooſe?

Ant. 'Tis a hard queſtion: This was *Paris* caſe,
And he was blind in't, and there was great cauſe:
For how was't poſſible he ſhould judge right,
Having three amorous Goddeſſes in view,
And they ſtarke naked: 'twas a Motion
Were able to benight the apprehenſion
Of the ſevereſt Counſellor of Europe.
Now I looke on both your faces, ſo well form'd,
It puts me in minde of a queſtion, I would aske.

Car. What is't?

Ant. I doe wonder why hard-favour'd Ladies
For the moſt part, keepe worſe favour'd wayting women,
To attend them, and cannot endure faire ones.

Dutch. Oh, that's ſoone anſwer'd.
Did you ever in your life know an ill Painter

Deſire to have his dwelling next doore to the ſhop
Of an excellent Picture-maker? 'twould diſgrace
His face-making, and undo him: I pre-thee
When were we merry? my haire tangles.
Aut. Pray-thee, *Cariola*, let's ſteale forth the room,
And let her talke to her ſelfe: I have divers times
Serv'd her the like, when ſhe had chaſd extreamely:
I love to ſee her angry: ſoftly *Cariola*. *Exeunt.*
Dut. Doth not the colour of my haire 'gin to change?
When I waxe gray, I ſhall have all the Court
Powder their haire, with Arras, to be like me:
You have cauſe to love me, I entred into my heart
Before you would vouchſafe to call for the keyes.
We ſhall one day have my brothers take you napping:
Me thinkes his Preſence (being now in Court)
Should make you keep your own bed: but you'll ſay
Love mixt with feare, is ſweeteſt: I'le aſſure you
You ſhall get no more children till my brothers (welcome:
Conſent to bee your Goſſips: have you loſt your tongue? 'tis
For know whether I am doomb'd to live, or die,
I can do both like a Prince. *Ferdinand gives her a Poniard.*
Ferd. Die then, quickly:
Vertue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing
Is it, that doth clip thee? *Dutc.* Pray, ſir, heare me.
Ferd. Or is it true, thou art but a bare name,
And no eſſentiall thing? *Dutc.* Sir.
Ferd. Do not ſpeake. *Dutc.* No, ſir:
I will plant my ſoule in mine eares, to heare you.
Ferd. Oh muſt imperfect light of humane reaſon;
That mak'ſt ſo unhappy, to fore-ſee
What we can leaſt prevent: Purſue thy wiſhes,
And glory in them: there's in ſhame no comfort,
But to be paſt all bounds, and ſenſe of ſhame.
Dutch. I pray, ſir, heare me: I am married. *Fer.* So.
Dut. Happily, not to your liking: but for that
Alas: your ſheeres do come untimely now
To clip the birds wings, that's already flowne:
Will you ſee my Husband? *Fer.* Yes, if I
Could change eyes with a Baſiliſque.
Dutc. Sure, you came hither
By his conſideracy. *Ferd.* The howling of a Wolfe

Is muſicke to the (ſcrech-Owle) prethee peace
What ere thou art, that haſt enjoy'd my ſiſter,
(For I am ſure thou heardſt me) for mine owne ſake
Let me not know thee: I came hither, prepar'd
To worke thy diſcovery: yet am now perſwaded
It would beget ſo violent effects
As would damne us both: I would not for ten millions
I had beheld thee; therefore uſe all meanes
I never may have knowledge of thy name;
Enjoy thy luſt ſtill, and a wretched life,
On that condition: and for thee (wilde woman)
If thou doe wiſh thy Leacher may grow old
In thy Embracements, I would have thee build
Such a roome for him as our Anchorites
To holier uſe inhabite: Let not the Sun
Shine on him, till he's dead: Let Dogs and Monkeys
Only converſe with him, and ſuch dumbe things
To whom nature denies uſe, to ſound his name.
Doe not keepe a Paraqueto, leſt ſhe learne it;
If thou doe love him, cut out thine owne tongue
Leſt it bewray him.

Dutch. Why might not I marry?
I have not gone about, in this, to create
Any new world, or cuſtome. *Ferd.* Thou art undone.
And thou haſt taine that maſſy ſheet of lead
That hid thy husbands bones, and foulded it
About my heart. *Dutch.* Mine bleedes for it.

Ferd. Thine? thy heart?
What ſhould I name't, unleſſe a hollow bullet
Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire?

Dutch. You are, in this
Too ſtrict; and were you not my Princely brother
I would ſay too wilfull: My reputation
Is ſafe. *Ferd.* Doſt thou know what reputation is,
I'le tell thee to ſmall purpoſe, ſince th'inſtruction
Comes now too late.
Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travell o're the world: and it was concluded
That they ſhould part, and take three ſeverall wayes:
Death told them, they ſhould find him in great battailes:

Or Cities plagu'd with plagues: Love gives them counſell
To enquire for him 'mongſt unambitious ſhepherds,
Where dowries were not talk't of: and ſometimes
'Mongſt quiet kindred, that had nothing left
By their dead Parents: ſtay (quoth Reputation)
Do not forſake me: for it is my nature
If once I part from any man I meet
I am never found againe: And ſo, for you:
You have ſhooke hands with Reputation,
And made him inviſible: So fare you well.
I will never ſee you more. *Dutch.* Why ſhould only I,
Of all the other Princes of the World
Be caſ'd up, like a holy Relique? I have youth,
And a little beauty.
Ferd. So you have ſome Virgins,
That are Witches: I will never ſee thee more. *Exit.*
Dutch. You ſaw this apparition,
Enter Antonio with a Piſtoll.
Ant. Yes; we are
Betraid; how came he hither I ſhould turne
This to thee, for that. *Car.* Pray ſir doe: and when
That you have cleft my heart, you ſhall reade there,
Mine innocence. *Dutch.* That Gallery gave him entrance.
Ant. I would this terrible thing would come againe,
That (ſtanding on my guard) I might relate
My warrantable love: ha, what meanes this?
Dutch. He left this with me. *She ſhewes the ponyard.*
Ant. And it ſeemes, did wiſh
You would uſe it on your ſelfe. *Dutch.* His action
Seem'd to intend ſo much. *Ant.* This hath a handle to't,
As well as a point, turne it towards him,
And ſo faſten the keene edge in his raneke Gall:
How now? who knocks? more Earthquakes?
Dutch. I ſtand
As if a Myne, beneath my feet, were ready
To be blowne up. *Car.* 'Tis *Boſola.*
Dutch. Away,
Oh miſery, me thinkes unjuſt actions
Should weare theſe maſques, and curtaines; and not we:
You muſt inſtantly part hence, I have faſhion'd it already. *Ex. Ant. Boſ.*

Boſ. The Duke your brother is tane up in a whirle wind
Hath tooke horſe, and's rid poſte to *Rome*. *Dutch.* So late?
Boſ. He told me, (as he mounted into th'ſaddle)
You were undone. *Dutch.* Indeed, I am very neere it.
Boſ. What's the matter?
Dutch. *Antonio* the maſter of our houſhold
Hath dealt ſo falſely with me, in's accounts:
My brother ſtood engag'd with me for money
Ta'ne up of certaine Neopolitane Jewes,
And *Antonio* let's the bonds be forfeit.
Boſ. Strange, this is cunning. *Dutch.* And hereupon
My brothers Bills at Naples are proteſted
Againſt: call up the Officers. *Boſ.* I ſhall. *Exit*
Dutch. The place that you muſt flye to, is *Ancona*,
Hire a houſe there. I'le ſend after you
My treaſure, and my Jewels: our weake ſafety
Runs upon ingenious wheeles; ſhort ſillables,
Muſt ſtand for periods: I muſt now accuſe you
Of ſuch a fained crime, as *Taſſo* calls
Magnanima Menſogna: a Noble lye,
Cauſe it muſt ſhield our honors: harke they are comming.
Ant. Will your grace beare me?
Dutch. I have got well by you: you have yeelded me
A million of loſſe; I am like to inherit
The peoples curſes for your Stewardſhip:
You had the tricke, in Audit time to be ſicke,
Till I had ſign'd your *Quietus*; and that cur'd you
Without helpe of a Doctor. Gentlemen,
I would have this man be an example to you all:
So ſhall you hold my favour: I pray let him;
For h'as done that (alas) you would not thinke of,
And (becauſe I intend to be rid of him)
I meane not to publiſh: uſe your fortune elſewhere.
Ant. I am ſtrongly arm'd to brooke my over-throw,
As commonly men beare with a hard yeere:
I will not blame the cauſe on't; but doe thinke
The neceſſity of my malevolent ſtarre
Procures this, not her humour: O the inconſtant,
And rotten ground of ſervice, you may ſee:
'Tis ev'n like him, that in a winter night,

Takes a long ſlumber, ore a dying fire;
As loath to part from't: yet parts thence are cold,
As when he firſt ſate downe. *Dutch.* We doe confiſcate
(Towards the ſatisfying of yonr accounts)
All that you have. *Ant.* I am all yours: and 'tis very fit
All mine ſhould be ſo. *Dutch.* So, ſir; you have your Paſſe.
Ant. You may ſee (Gentlemen) what 'tis to ſerve
A Prince with body and ſoule. *Exit.*
Boſ. Here's an example for extortion; what moiſture is drawne out of the Sea, when foule weather comes, powres downe, and runs into the Sea againe.
Dutch. I would know what are your opinions
Of this *Antonio.*
2 *Offi.* He could not abide to ſee a Pigs head gaping,
I thought your Grace would finde him a Jew.
3 *Offi.* I would you had bin Officer, for your owne ſake.
4 *Offi.* You would have had more money.
1 *Offi.* He ſtop'd his eares with blacke wooll: and to thoſe came
To him for money ſaid he was thicke of hearing. (a woman.
2 *Offi.* Some ſaid he was an hermophrobite, for he could not abide
4 *Offi.* How ieurvy proud would he looke, when the Treaſury
Well, let him go. (was full:
1 *Offi.* Yes, and the chippings of the Buttery flye after him,
To ſcowre his golden Chaine.
Dutch. Leave us: what doe you thinke of theſe?
Boſ. That theſe are rogues; that in's proſperity,
But to have waited on this Fortune, could have wiſh'd
His dirty Stirrop rivited through their noſes:
And follow'd after's Mule, like a Beare in a ring.
Would have proſtituted their daughters to his luſt:
Made their firſt-borne Intelligencers: thought none happy
But ſuch as were borne under his Planet:
And wore his Livery: and doe theſe lice drop off now?
Well, never looke to have the like againe:
He hath left a ſort of flattring rogues, behind him,
Their doome muſt follow: Princes pay flatterers,
In their owne money. Flatterers dissemble their vices,
And they diſſemble their lies, that's Juſtice:
Alas, poore Gentleman.
Dutch. Poore? he hath amply fill'd his coffers.

Boſ.

Boſ. Sure he was too honeſt: *Pluto*, the god of riches,
When he's ſent (by *Jupiter*) to any man
He goes limping, to ſignify that wealth
That comes on gods name, comes ſlowly, but when he's ſent
On the divells arrand, he rides poſt, and comes in by ſcuttles:
Let me ſhew you, what a moſt unvalu'd Jewell,
You have (in a wanton humour) throwne away,
To bleſſe the man ſhall finde him, He was an excellent
Courtier, and moſt faithfull, a ſouldier, that thought it
As beaſtly to know his owne valee too little,
As devilliſh to acknowledge it too much,
Both his vertue and forme, deſerv'd a farre better fortune:
His diſcourſe rather delighted to judge it ſelfe, than ſhew it ſelfe.
His breaſt was fill'd with all perfection,
And yet it ſeem'd a private whiſpering roome,
It made ſo little noyſe of't.

Dutch. But he was baſely deſcended,

Boſ. Will you make your ſelfe a mercenary herald,
Rather to examine mens pedegrees than vertues?
You ſhall want him,
For know an honeſt ſtates-man to a Prince,
Is like a Cedar planted by a Spring,
The Spring bathes the trees root, the grateſull tree,
Rewards it with his ſhadow: you have not done ſo,
I would ſooner ſwim to the *Bermoothe's* on two Polititians
Rotten bladders, tide together with an Intelligencers heart-ſtring
Than depend on ſo changeable a Princes favour.
Fare thee well (*Antonio*) ſince the malice of the world
Would needs downe with thee, it cannot be ſaid yet
That any ill happened unto thee, conſidering thy fall,
Was accompanied with vertue.

Dutch. Oh, you render me excellent muſicke. *Boſ* Say you?

Dutch. This good one that you ſpeake of, is my husband.

Boſ. Do I not dreame? can this amqitious age
Have ſo much goodnes in't, as to prefer
Of wealth and painted honors? poſſible?

Dutch. I have had three children by him.

Boſ. Fortunate Lady,
For you have made your private nuptiall bed
The humble and faire Seminary of peace,

No

No queſtion but many an unbenefic'd Scholler
Shall pray for you, for this deed, and rejoyce
That ſome preferment in the world can yet
Ariſe from merit. The virgins of your land
(That have no dowries) ſhall hope, your example
Will raiſe them to rich husbands: Should you want
Souldiers, 'twould make the very *Turks* and *Moores*
Turne Chriſtians, and ſerve you for this act.
Laſt, the neglected Poets of your time,
In honour of this trophee of a man,
Rais'd by that curious engine, (your white hand)
Shall thanke you, in your grave for't; and make that
More reverend than all the Cabinets
Of living Princes: For *Antonio*
His fame, ſhall likewiſe flow, from many a pen,
When Heralds ſhall want coates, to ſell to men.

Dut. As I taſte comfort, in this friendly ſpeech,
So would I find concealement.

Boſ. O the ſecret of my Prince,
Which I will weare on th'in-ſide of my heart.

Dut. You ſhall take charge of all my coyne, and jewels,
And follow him, for he retires himſelfe
To *Ancona*. *Boſ.* So.

Dutc. Whether, within few dayes,
I meane to follow thee. *Boſ.* Let me thinke:
I would wiſh your Grace, to faigne a Pilgrimage
To our Lady of *Loretto*, (ſcarce ſeven leagues
From faire *Ancona*) ſo may you depart
Your Country, with more honour, and your flight
Will ſeeme a Princely progreſſe, retaining
Your uſuall traine about you. *Dutc.* Sir, your direction
Shall lead me by the hand. *Car.* In my opinion
She were better progreſſe to the bathes
At *Lucca*, or go viſit the *Spaw*
In *Germany*, for (if you will beleeve me)
I do not like this jeſting with religion,
This faigned Pilgrimage.

Dutch. Thou art a ſuperſtitious foole,
Prepare us inſtantly for our departure:
Paſt ſorrowes, let us moderately lament them,

For

For thoſe to come, ſeeke wiſely to prevent them. *Exit.*

Boſ. A Politician is the devil's quilted anvell,
He faſhions all ſinnes on him; and the b'owes
Are never heard, he may worke in a Ladies Chamber,
(As here for proof) what reſts, but I reveale
All to my Lord: On this baſe quality
Of Inteligencers? why, every Quality i'th'world
Prefers but gaine, or commendation:
Now for this act, I am certaine to be rais'd,
And men that paint weeds (to the life) are prais'd. *Exit.*

SCENA III.

Cardinall, Ferdinand, Malateſte, Peſcara, Silvio, Delio, Boſola.

Card. Muſt we turne Souldier then? *Mal.* The Emperor,
Hearing your worth that way, (ere you attain'd
This reverend garment) joynes you in commiſſion
With the right fortunate ſouldier, the Marquis of *Peſcara*,
And the famous *Lanoy*. *Card.* He that had the honor
Of taking the French King priſoner? *Mal.* The ſame,
Here's a plot drawne, for a new Fortification.
At *Naples*. *Ferd.* This great Count *Malateſte*, I perceive
Hath got employment? *Del.* No employment (my Lord)
A marginall note in the muſter-booke, that he is
A voluntary Lord. *Ferd.* He's no ſouldier.
Del. He ha's worne gun-powder in's hollow tooth, for the
Sil. He come to the leaguer, with a full intent, tooth-ache.
To eat freſh beefe, and garlicke, meanes to ſtay
Till the ſent be gon, and ſtraight returne to Court.
Del. He hath read all the late ſervice,
As the City Chronicle relates it.
And keepes two Painters going, only to expreſſe
Battailes in modell. *Sil.* Then he'll fight by the booke.
Del. By the Almanacke, I thinke
To chooſe good dayes, and ſhun the Criticall;
That's his miſtris skarfe. *Sil.* Yes, he proteſts
He would do much for that taffita.
Del. I thinke he would run away from a battaile
To ſave it from taking priſoner. *Sil.* He is horribly afraid
Gun-powder will ſpoile the perfume on't.
Del. I ſaw a Dutch-man breake his pate once

For calling him pot-gun, he made his head
Have a boare in't like a musket.
Sil. I would he had made a touch-hole to't.
He is indeed a guarded ſumpter cloth,
Only for the remoove of the Court.
Peſ. Boſola arriv'd? what ſhould be the buſineſſe?
Some falling out amongſt the Cardinals.
Theſe factions amongſt great men, they are like
Foxes, when their heads are divided
They carry fire in their tailes, and all the Country
About them, goes to wracke for't. *Sil.* What's that *Boſola?*
Del. I knew him in *Padua*, a fantaſticall ſcholler,
Like ſuch, who ſtudy to know how many knots was in
Hercules club, of what colour *Achilles* beard was,
Or whether *Hector* were not troubled with the tooth-ache:
He hath ſtudied himſelfe halfe bleare-ey'd, to know the
True ſemitry of *Cæſars* noſe by a ſhooing-horne, and this
He did to gaine the name of a ſpeculative man.
Peſ. Marke Prince *Ferdinand*,
A very *Salamander* lives in's eye,
To mocke the eager violence of fire.
Sil. That Cardinal hath made more bad faces with his oppreſſion,
Than ever *Michael Angelo* made good ones,
He lifts up's noſe, like a foule Porpiſſe before a ſtorme.
Peſ. The Lord *Ferdinand* laughes.
Del. Like a deadly Canon,
That lightens ere it ſmoakes.
Peſ. Theſe are your true pangs of death,
The pangs of life, that ſtruggle with great ſtates-men.
Del. In ſuch a deformed ſilence, witches whiſper their charmes.
Card. Doth ſhe make religion her riding hood
To keep her from the Sun and tempeſt?
Ferd. That: that damnes her: Methinkes her fault, and
Beauty blended together, ſhew like leproſie,
The whiter, the fouler: I make it a queſtion
Whether her beggerly brats were ever chriſtned.
Card. I will inſtantly ſolicite the ſtate of *Ancona*
To have them baniſh'd. *Ferd.* You are for *Loretto?*
I ſhall not be at your Ceremony: fare you well,
Write to the Duke of *Malfy*, my yong Nephew,

ſhe

She had by firſt husband, and acquaint him,
With's mothers honeſty. *Buſ.* I will.
Ferd. Antonio?
A ſlave that only ſmell'd of ink and counters,
And nev'r in's life, look'd like a gentleman,
But in the audit time; goe, goe preſently,
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horſe,
And meet me at the fort-bridge. *Exeunt.*

SCENA IIII.

Two Pilgrimes to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto.

1. *Pilg.* I have not ſeen a goodlier Shrive then this,
Yet I have viſited many. 2. The Cardinal of *Arragon* is, this day
To reſigne his Cardinals hat, his ſiſter
Dutcheſſe likewiſe is arriv'd to pay her
Vow of Pilgrimage, I expect a noble Ceremony.
1. *Pilg.* No queſtion:——They come.

Here the Ceremony of the Cardinals enſtalment, in the habit of a Souldier, perform'd in delivering up his croſſe, hat, robes, and ring, at the Shrive; and inveſting him with ſword, helmet, ſhield, and ſpurs: Then Antonio, *the* Dutcheſſe, *and their children, (having preſented themſelves at the Shrine) are (by a form of baniſhment in dumb-ſhew expreſſed towards them by the Cardinall, and the ſtate of* Ancona) *baniſhed. During all which Ceremony, this Ditty is ſung (to very ſolemn muſick) by divers Church-men, and then* *Exeunt.*

Armes, and Honors, deck thy ſtory,
To thy fames eternall glory,
Adverſe fortune ever flie thee,
No diſaſtrous fate come nigh thee.
I alone will ſing thy prayſes,
Whom to honor, vertue raiſes;
And thy ſtudy, that divine is,
Bent to Marſhal diſcipline is:
Lay aſide all thoſe robes lie by thee,
Crowne thy arts with arms: they'l beautifie thee.
O worthy of worthieſt name, adorn'd in this manner,
Leade bravely thy forces on, under war warlike banner;
O, mayſt thou prove fortunate in all Marſhall courſes,
Guide thou ſtill, by skill, in arts, and forces:
Victory attend thee nigh whilſt fame ſings loud thy powers, (ſhowres
Triumphant conqueſt crown thy head, and bleſſings poure downe

1 *Pilg.* Heer's a ſtrange turne of ſtate, who would have thought
So great a Lady, would have match'd her ſelfe
Unto ſo meane a perſon? yet the Cardinall
Beares himſelfe too cruell. 2 *Pilg.* They are baniſh'd.
1 *Pilg.* But I would aske what power hath this ſtate
Of *Ancona*, to determine of a free Prince?
2 *Pilg.* They are a free ſtate ſir, and her brother ſhew'd
How that the Pope fore-hearing of her looſeneſſe,
Hath ſeaz'd into the protection of the Church
The Dukedome, which ſhe held as dowager.
1 *Pilg.* But by what juſtice? 2 *Pilg.* Sure I thinke by none,
Only her brothers inſtigation.
1 *Pilg.* What was it with ſuch violence he took
Off from her finger? 2 *Pilg.* 'Twas her wedding ring,
Which he vow'd ſhortly he would ſacrifice
To his revenge. 1 *Pilg.* Alas, *Antonio*,
If that a man be thruſt into a well,
No matter who ſets hand to't, his owne weight
Will bring him ſooner to th'bottome: Come, let's hence,
Fortune makes this concluſion generall,
"All things to helpe th'unhappy man to fall, *Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

Antonio, Dutcheſſe, Children, Cariola, Servants, Boſola, Souldiers, with Vizards.

Dutch. Baniſh'd *Ancona*? *Ant.* Yes, you ſee what power
Lightens in great mens breath. *Dutch.* Is all our traine
Shrunke to this poore remainder? *Ant.* Theſe are poore men,
(Which have got little in your ſervice) vow
To take your fortune: But your wiſer buntings,
Now they are fledg'd, are gone.
Dutch. They have done wiſely,
This puts me in minde of death, Phyſitians thus,
With their hands full of money, uſe to gine ore
Their Patients. *Ant.* Right the faſhion of the world,
From decaid fortunes, every flatterer ſhrinkes,
Men ceaſe to build, where the foundation ſinkes.
Dutch. I had a very ſtrange dreame to night.
Ant. What is't?
Dutch. Methought I wore my Coronet of State,

And

And on a ſudden all the Diamonds
Were chang'd to Pearles *Ant.* My Interpretation
Is, you'll weepe ſhortly, for to me, the Pearles
Do ſignifie you tears. *Dutch.* The Birds, that live i'th field
On the wilde benefit of Nature, live
Happier than we; for they may chooſe their Mates,
And carroll their ſweet pleaſures to the Spring.
Boſ. You are happily ore-ta'ne. *Dutch.* From my brother?
Boſ. Yes, from the Lord *Ferdinand*, your brother,
All love and ſafety. *Dutch.* Thou doſt blanch miſchiefe,
Would'ſt make it white: See, ſee; like to the calme weather
At Sea, before a tempeſt, falſe hearts ſpeake faire
To thoſe they intend moſt miſchiefe. (ticke equivocation)
A Letter. *Send* Antonio *to me, I want his head in a buſines:* (a poli-
He doth not want your counſell, but your head;
That is, he cannot ſleepe till you be dead.
And here's another Pitfall, that's ſtrew'd ore
With Roſes: marke it, 'tis a cunning one.
I ſtand ingaged for your husband, for ſeverall debts at Naples: *let not*
That trouble him, I had rather have his heart than his money.
And I beleeve ſo too. *Boſ.* What doe you beleeve?
Dutch. That he ſo much diſtruſts my husbands love,
He will by no meanes beleeve his heart is with him
Untill he ſee it: The devill is not cunning enough
To circumvent us in riddles.
Boſ. Will you reject that noble and free league
Of amity and love, which I preſent you?
Dutch. Their league is like that of ſome politicke Kings
Only to make themſelves of ſtrength and power
To be our after-ruine: tell them ſo. *Boſ.* And what from you?
Ant. Thus tell him: I will not come. *Boſ.* And what of this?
Ant. My brothers have diſpers'd
Blood-hounds abroad; which till I heare are muzzell'd;
No truce, though hatch'd with nere ſuch politicke skill
Is ſafe, that hangs upon our enemies will.
I'le not come at them. *Boſ.* This proclaimes your breeding.
Every ſmall thing, drawes a baſe minde to feare:
As the Adamant drawes yron: fare you well ſir,
You ſhall ſhortly heare from's. *Exit.*
Dutch. I ſuſpect ſome Ambuſh:

Therefore by all my love; I doe conjure you
To take your eldeſt ſonne, and fly towards *Millaine*;
Let us not venture all this poor remainder in one unlucky bottom.
Ant. You counſell ſafely:
Beſt of my life, farewell: Since we muſt part,
Heaven hath a hand in't: but no otherwiſe,
Then as ſome curious Artiſt, takes in ſunder
A clock, or watch, when it is out of frame to bring't in better order
Duke. I know not which is beſt,
To ſee you dead, or part with you: Farewel boy,
Thou art hapy, that thou haſt not underſtanding
To know thy miſery: For all our wit and
Reading, brings us to a truer ſence of ſorrow:
In the eternall Church, Sir, I doe hope we ſhall not part thus.
Ant. Oh, be of comfort,
Make patience a noble fortitude:
And think not how unkindly we are uſ'd:
"Man (like to *Caſſia*) is prov'd beſt, being bruiſ'd
Duke. Muſt I like to a ſlave-born Ruffian,
Account it praiſe to ſuffer tyranny? and yet
(O Heaven) thy heavy hand is in't. I have ſeene
My little boy, oft ſcourge his top, and compar'd
My ſelfe to't: naught made me ere go right,
But Heavens ſcourge-ſtick. *Ant.* Do not weep:
Heaven faſhion'd us of nothing: and we ſtrive
To bring our ſelves to nothing: farewel *Cariola*,
And thy ſweet armful: if I do never ſee thee more
Be a good mother to your little ones,
And ſave them from the Tiger: fare you well.
Duke. Let me looke upon you once more: for that ſpeech
Came from a dying father: your kiſſe is colder
Then that I have ſeen an holy Anchorite
Give to a dead mans skull.
Ant. My heart is turn'd to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I ſound my danger: fare you well. *Exit.*
Duke. My Laurel is all withered.
Car. Looke (Madam) what a troop of armed men
Make toward us *Enter Boſola with a guard.*
Duke. O, They are very welcome:
When Fortunes wheele, is over-charg'd with Princes,

The

The waight makes it move ſwift. I would have my ruine
Be ſudden: I am your adventure, am I not?
Boſ. You are, you muſt ſee your husband no more,
Dutch. What devil art thou, that counterfeits heavens thunder?
Boſ. Is that terrible? I would have you tell me
Whether is that note worſe, that frights the ſilly birds
Out of the corne, or that which doth allure them.
To the nets? you have hearkned to the laſt too much.
Dutch. O miſery: like to a ruſty ore-charg'd Canon,
Shall I never fly in pieces? come: to what priſon?
Boſ. To none: *Dutch.* Whether then?
Boſ. To your Palace.
Dutch. I have heard that *Charons* boat, ſerves to convay
All ore the diſmall Lake, but brings none backe againe.
Boſ. Your brothers meane you, ſafety and pity.
Dutch. Pity! with ſuch a pity men preſerve alive
Pheaſants, and Quailes, when they are not fat enough to be eaten.
Boſ. Theſe are your children? *Dutch.* Yes.
Boſ. Can they prattle?
Dutch. No:
But I intend, ſince they were borne accurſ'd;
Curſes ſhall be their firſt language. *Boſ.* Fye (Madam)
Forget this baſe low-fellow. *Dutch.* Were I a man: I'll'd
Beat that counterfeit face, into thy other. *Boſ.* One of no birth.
Dutch. Say that he was borne meane.
Man is moſt happy, when's owne actions
Be arguments, and examples of his Vertue.
Boſ. A barren, beggerly vertue.
Dutch. I pre-thee who is greateſt, can you tell?
Sad tales befit my woe: I'le tell you one.
A Salmon, as ſhe ſwam unto the Sea,
Met with a Dog-fiſh; who encounters her
With this rough language: why art thou ſo bold
To mixe thy ſelfe with our high ſtate of floods
Being no eminent Courtier, but one
That for the calmeſt, and freſh time o'th' yeere
Do'ſt live in ſhallow Rivers, rank'ſt thy ſelfe
With ſilly Smylts, and Shrympes? and dareſt thou
Paſſe by our Dog-ſhip, without reverence?
O (Quoth the Salmon) ſiſter, be at peace:

Thanke

Thanke *Jupiter*, we both have paſſ'd the Net,
Our value never can be truly knowne,
Till in the Fiſhers basket we be ſhowne.
I'th' Market then my price may be the higher,
Even when I am neereſt to the Cooke, and fire.
So, to Great men, the Morrall may be ſtretched.
„ Men oft are valued high, when th'are moſt wretch'd.
But come: whither you pleaſe: I am arm'd 'gainſt miſery:
Bent to all ſwayes of the Oppreſſors will.
Tiver's no deepe Valley, but neere ſome great Hill. *Exit.*

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Ferdinand, Boſola, Dutcheſſe, Cariola, Servants.

Ferd. How doth our ſiſter Dutcheſſe beare her ſelfe
In her impriſonment?
Boſ. Nobly: I'le deſcribe her:
She's ſad, as one uſ'd to't: and ſhe ſeemes
Rather to welcome the end of miſery
Then ſhun it: a behaviour ſo noble,
As gives a majeſty to adverſity:
You may diſcerne the ſhape of lovelineſſe
More perfect, in her teares, then in her ſmiles;
She will muſe foure houres together: and her ſilence,
(Me thinkes) expreſſeth more, then if ſhe ſpake.
Ferd. Her melancholy ſeems to be fortifide with a ſtrange diſdain.
Boſ. 'Tis ſo: and this reſtraint
(Like Engliſh Maſtiffes, that grow feirce with tying)
Makes her too pationately apprehend thoſe pleaſures ſhe's kept (from.
Ferd. Curſe upon her:
I will no longer ſtudy in the booke
Of anothers heart: informe her what I told you. *Exit.*
Boſ. All comfort to your grace; *Dutch.* I will have none:
Pray-thee, why doſt thou wrap thy poyſoned pils
In Gold, and Sugar?
Boſ. Your elder brother, the Lord *Ferdinand*,
Is come to viſite you: and ſends you word,
'Cauſe once he raſhly made a ſolemne vow
Never to ſee you more; he comes i'th' night:
And prayes you (gently) neither torch nor taper
Shine in your chamber: he will kiſſe your hand:

And

And reconcile himſelfe: but, for his vowe,
He dares not ſee you. *Duc.* At his pleaſure:
Take hence the lights: he's come.
Ferd. Where are you? *Duc.* Here ſir.
Ferd. This darkneſſe ſuits you well.
Duc. I would aske you pardon. *Ferd.* You have it;
For I account it, the honorabl'ſt revenge
Where I may kill, to pardon: where are your Cubbs?
Duch. Whom? *Ferd.* Call them your children;
For though our nationall law, diſtinguiſh baſtards
From true legitimate iſſue: compaſſionate nature
Makes them all equall. *Duc.* Do you viſit me for this?
You violate a Sacrament o'th'Church
Shall make you howle in hell for't. *Ferd.* It had bin well,
Could you have liv'd thus alwayes: for indeed
You were too much i'th' light: But no more,
I come to ſeale my peace with you: here's a hand, *gives her a*
To which you have vow'd much love: the Ring upon't *dead mans*
You gave. *Duc.* I affectionately kiſſe it. *hand.*
Ferd. Pray do: and bury the print of it in your heart.
I will leave this Ring with you, for a love-token:
And the hand, as ſure as the ring: and do not doubt
But you ſhall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send it to him that ow'd it: you ſhall ſee
Whether he can aid you. *Duc.* You are very cold,
I feare you are not well after your travell:
Hah? lights: Oh horrible! *Ferd.* Let her have lights enough. *Exit.*
Duc. What witch-craft doth he practiſe, that he hath left
A dead-mans hand here? ——— *Here is diſcover'd, (being a Traverſe:) the artificiall figures of* Antonio, *and his children, appearing as if they were dead.*
Boſ. Looke you: here's the piece, from which 'twas ta'ne;
He doth preſent you this ſad ſpectacle,
That now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may (wiſely) ceaſe to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.
Duc. There is not between heaven and the earth, one wiſh
I ſtay for after this: it waſtes me more,
Than were't my picture, faſhion'd out of wax,
Stuke with a magicall needle, and then buried

In ſome foule dung-hill : and yond's an excellent property
For a tyrant which I would account mercy. *Boſ.* What's that?
Dutc. If they would bind me to that liveleſſe trunke?
And let me freeze to death. *Boſ.* Come you muſt live.
Dutc. That's the greateſt torture ſoules feele in hell,
In hell : that they muſt live, and cannot dye:
Portia, I'll new kindle thy coales againe,
And revive the rare, and almoſt dead example
Of a loving wife. *Boſ.* O fye: deſpaire? remember
You are a Chriſtian. *Dut.* The Church enjoynes faſting:
I'll ſtarve my ſelfe to death.
Boſ. Leave this vaine ſorrow;
Things being at the worſt, begin to mend:
The Bee when he hath ſhot his ſting into your hand
May then play with your eye-lid.
Dutch. Good comfortable fellow
Perſwade a wretch that's broke upon the wheele
To have all his bones new ſet: entreat him live,
To be executed again: who muſt diſpatch me?
I account this world a tedious Theater,
For I do play a part in't 'gainſt my will.
Boſ. Come, be of comfort, I will ſave your life.
Dut. Indeed I have not leiſure to tend ſo ſmal a bu-
Boſ. Now, by my life, I pitty you. (ſineſſe.
Dutc. Thou art a foole then,
To waſt thy pitty on a thing ſo wretch'd
As cannot pitty it: I am full of daggers:
Puffe: let me blow theſe vipers from me:
What are you?
Ser. One that wiſhes you long life.
Dutc. I would thou wert hang'd for the horrible
Thou haſt given me: I ſhall ſhortly grow one (curſe
Of the miracles of pitty: I'll go pray: No,
I'll go curſe: *Boſ.* Oh fye:
Dut. I could curſe the Stars. *Boſ.* Oh fearefull.
Dutc. And thoſe three ſmyling ſeaſons of the yeare
Into a Ruſſian winter: nay the world
To its firſt Chaos. *Boſ.* Looke you, the Stars ſhine ſtil.
Dutc. Oh, but you muſt remember, my curſe haath a great way to
Plagues (that make lanes through largeſt families) (go
Conſume them. *Boſ.* Fye Lady.

Dutc.

Dutc. Let them like tyrants
Never be remembred, but for the ill they have done:
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Church-men forget them. *Boſ.* O uncharitable.
Dut. Let heaven, a little while ceaſe crowning Martirs
To puniſh them: Go, howle them this: and ſay I long to bleed
" It is ſome mercy, when men kill with ſpeed. *Exit.*
Ferd. Excellent; as I would wiſh: ſhe's plagu'd in Art.
Theſe preſentations are but fram'd in wax.
By the curious Maſter in that Quality,
Vincentio Lauriola, and ſhe takes them
For true ſubſtantiall bodies.
Boſ. Why do you do this?
Ferd. To bring her to deſpaire. *Boſ.* 'Faith, end here,
And go farther in your cruelty,
Send her a penitentiall garment, to put on,
Next to her delicate skin, and furniſh her
With beads, and prayer books.
Ferd. Damne her, that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in't was more worth
Than that which thou wouldſt comfort, (call'd a ſoule)
I wil ſend her maſques of common Curtizans,
Have her meat ſerv'd up by baudes, and ruffians,
And ('cauſe ſhe'll needes be mad) I am reſolv'd
To remove forth the common Hoſpitall,
All the mad-folke, and place them neere her lodging:
There let them practiſe together, ſing and dance,
And act their gambols to the full o'th' moone:
If ſhe can ſleepe the better for it, let her,
Your work is almoſt ended. *Boſ.* Muſt I ſee her again?
Ferd. Yes. *Boſ.* Never. *Ferd.* You muſt.
Boſ. Never in mine own ſhape,
That's forfeited, by my intelligence,
And this laſt cruell lie: when you ſend me next,
The buſineſſe ſhall be comfort. *Fer.* Very likely,
Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee: *Antonio*,
Lurkes about *Millaine*, thou ſhalt ſhortly thither,
To feed a fire, as great as my revenge,
Which nev'r will ſlack, till it have ſpent his fuell,
" Intemperate agues, make Phyſitians cruell. *Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Dutchesse, Cariola, Servant, Mad-men, Bosola, Executioners, Ferdinand.

Dutch. What hideous noise was that?
Cari. 'Tis the wild consort
Of Mad-men (Lady) which your Tyrant brother
Hath plac'd about your lodging: This tyranny,
I thinke was never practis'd till this howre.
Dutch. Indeed I thanke him: nothing but noyse and folly
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason
And silence, make me starke mad: Sit downe,
Discourse to me some dismall Tragedy.
Cari. O 'twill increase your melancholly.
Dutch. Thou art deceiv'd,
To heare of greater griefe, would lessen mine,
This is a prison? *Cari.* Yes, but you shall live
To shake this durance off. *Dutch.* Thou art a foole,
The Robin red-brest and the Nightingale,
Never live long in cages. *Cari.* Pray dry your eyes.
What thinke you of Madame? *Dutch.* Of nothing:
When I muse thus, I sleepe,
Cari. Like a mad-man, with your eyes open?
Dutch. Dost thou thinke we shall know one another,
In th'other world? *Cari.* Yes, out of question.
Dutch. O that it were possible we might
But hold some two dayes conference with the dead,
From them, I should learne somewhat, I am sure
I never shall know here: I'le tell thee a miracle,
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.
Th'heaven o're my head, seemes made of molten brasse,
The earth of flaming sulphure; yet I am not mad:
I am acquainted with sad misery,
As the tan'd galley-slave, is with his Oare,
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custome makes is easie, who doe I looke like now?
Cari. Like to your picture in the Gallery,
A deale of life in shew, but none in practise:
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruines are even pitied. *Dutch.* Very proper;

And

And fortune ſeemes only to have her eye-ſight,
To behold my Tragedy: How now,
What noiſe is that? *Servant.* I am come to tell you.
Your brother hath intended you ſome ſport:
A great Phyſitian, when the Pope was ſicke
Of a deepe melancholly, preſented him
With ſeverall ſorts of mad-men, which wilde object
(Being full of change and ſport) forc'd him to laugh,
And ſo th'impoſt-hume broke: the ſelfeſame cure,
The Duke intends on you. *Dutch.* Let me come in.
Serv. There's a mad Lawyer, and a ſeculat Prieſt,
A Doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealouſie: an Aſtrologian,
That in his workes, ſaid ſuch a day o'th'moneth,
Should be the day of doome; and failing of't,
Ran mad: an Engliſh Taylor, craſ'd i'th'braine,
With the ſtudy of new faſhions: a gentleman Uſher,
Quite beſide himſelfe, with care to keepe in minde,
The number of his Ladies ſalutations;
Or how do you, ſhe employ'd him in each morning:
A Farmer too (an excellent knave in graine)
Mad, 'cauſe he was hindred tranſportation;
And let one Broaker (that's mad) looſe to theſe,
You'ld thinke the divell were among them.
Dutch. Sit *Cariola*: let them looſe when you pleaſe,
For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny.

Here (by a Mad-man) this ſong is ſung, to a diſmall kinde of Muſicke.

O let us howle. ſome heavy note,
ſome deadly dogged howle,
Sounding, as from the threatning throat,
of beaſts, and fatall fowle.
As Ravens, Schrich-owles, Bulls, and Beares,
we'll bell, and bawle our parts,
Till yerk-ſome noiſe, have cloy'd your eares,
and corraſi'd your hearts.
At laſt when as our quire wants breath,
our bodies being bleſt,
We'll ſing like Swans to welcome death,
and die in love and reſt.

1 *Mad-man.* Doomes-day not come yet? I'le draw it neerer by a perſpective, or make a glaſſe that ſhall ſet all the world on fire upon an inſtant: I cannot ſleepe, my pillow is ſtuff't with a littor of Porcupines.

2 *Mad.* Hell is a meere glaſſe-houſe, where the devils are continually blowing up mens ſoules, on hollow yrons, and the fire never goes out.

3 *Mad.* I will lie with every woman in my pariſh the tenth night: I will tithe them over, like hay-cocks.

4 *Mad.* Shall my Pothecary out goe me, becauſe I am a Cockold? I have found out his roguery: he makes allom Of his wives urin, and ſells it to Puritanes, that have ſore Throates with over-ſtrayning.

1 *Mad.* I have skill in Harroldry. 2. Haſt?

1. You doe give for your creaſt, a wood-cockes head, with the Braines pickt out on't, you are a very ancient Gentleman.

3. Greeke is turn'd Turke, we are only to be ſav'd by the Helvetian tranſlation. 1. Come on ſir, I will lay the law to you

2. Oh, rather lay a corazive, the law will eat to the bone.

3. He that drinkes but to ſatisfie nature, is damn'd

4. If I had my glaſſe here, I would ſhew a fight ſhould make All the women here, call me mad Doctor.

1. What's he, a rope-maker?

2. No, no, no, a ſnufling knave, that while he ſhewes the Tombes, will have his hand in a wenches placket.

3. Woe, to the Caroach, that brought home my wife from The Maſque, at three a clocke in the morning, it had a large Feather-bed in it.

4 I have pared the devills nayles forty times, roaſted them In Ravens egges, and cur'd agues with them.

3. Get me three hundred milch bats, to make poſſets, To procure ſleepe.

4. All the Colledge may throw their caps at me, I have made a Soape-boyler coſtive, it was my maſter-piece; ——— *Here the Dance conſiſting of* 8 *Mad-men, with muſicke anſwerable thereunto, after which,* Boſola (*like an old man*) *enters.*

Dutch. Is he mad too?

Serv. Pray queſtion him: I'le leave you.

Boſ. I am come to make thy tombe. *Dutch.* Hah, my tombe? Thou ſpeak'ſt, as if I lay upon my death bed,

Gaſping

Gaſping for breath: doſt thou perceive me ſicke?

Boſ. Yes, and the more dangerouſly, ſince thy ſickneſs is inſenſible.

Dutch. Thou art not mad ſure, doſt know me?

Boſ. Yes. *Dutch.* Who am I?

Boſ. Thou art a box of worme-ſeed, at beſt, but a ſaluatory
Of greene mummey: what's this fleſh? a little curded milke,
Phantaſticall puffe-paſte: our bodies are weaker than thoſe
Paper priſons, boyes uſe to keepe flies in; more contemptible:
Since ours is to preſerve earth-wormes: didſt thou never ſee
A Larke in a cage? ſuch is the ſoule in the body: this world
Is like her little turfe of graſſe, and the heaven ore our heads,
Like her looking-glaſſe, only gives us a miſerable knowledge
Of the ſmall compaſſe of our priſon.

Dutch. Am not I, thy Dutcheſſe?

Boſ. Thou art ſome great woman ſure, for riot begins to ſit on thy
Fore-head (clad in gray haires) twenty yeeres ſooner, than on a
Merry milke-maides. Thou ſleep'ſt worſe, than if a mouſe
Should be forc'd to take up his lodging in a cats eare:
A little infant, that breedes it's teeth, ſhould it lie with thee, would
Cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bed-fellow.

Dutch. I am Dutcheſſe of *Malfy* ſtill.

Boſ. That makes thy ſleepes ſo broken:
"Glories (like glow-wormes) a farre off, ſhine bright,
But look'd too neere, have neither heat nor light.

Dutch. Thou art very plaine.

Boſ. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.
I am a tombe-maker.

Dutch. And thou com'ſt to make my tombe?

Boſ. Yes. *Dutch.* Let me be a little merry,
Of what ſtuffe wilt thou make it?

Boſ. Nay, reſolve me firſt, of what faſhion?

Dutch. Why, doe we grow phantaſticall in our death-bed?
Do we affect faſhion in the grave?

Boſ. Moſt ambitiouſly: Princes images on their tombes,
Do not lie, as they were wont, ſeeming to pray,
Up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheekes,
(As if they died of the tooth-ache) they are not carved
With their eyes fix'd upon the ſtarres; but as their
Mindes were wholly bent upon the world,
The ſelfe ſame way; they ſeeme to turne their faces.

Dutch.

Duke. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy diſmall preparation,
This talke fit for a chamell?
Boſ. Now, I ſhall,
Here is a preſent from your Princely brothers, *A Coffin,*
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings *Cords, and*
Laſt benefit, laſt ſorrow. *a Bell.*
Duke. Let me ſee it,
I have ſo much obedience, in my bloud,
I wiſh it in their veines, to do them good.
Boſ. This is your laſt preſence Chamber.
Cari. O my ſweet Lady. *Duke.* Peace, it affrights not me.
Boſ. I am the common Bell-man,
That uſually is ſent to condemn'd perſons
The night before they ſuffer. *Duke.* Even now thou ſaid'ſt,
Thou waſt a tombe-maker? *Boſ.* 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification: Liſten.
Harke, now everything is ſtill,
The Schritch-Owle, and the whiſtler ſhrill,
Call upon our Dame, aloud,
And bid her quickly don her ſhrowd:
Much you had of land and rent,
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war diſturb'd your mind,
Here your perfect peace is ſign'd,
Of what is't, fooles make ſuch vaine keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth, weeping:
Their life a generall miſt of error,
Their death, a hideous ſtorme of error,
Strew your haire, with powders ſweet:
Don cleane linnen, bathe your feete,
And (the foule fiend more to checke)
A crucifixe let bleſſe your necke,
'Tis now full tide, 'tweene night and day,
End your groane, and come away.
Cari. Hence villaines, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my Lady? call for helpe.
Duke. to whom, to our next neighbours? they are mad-folkes.
Boſ. Remove that noyſe. *Duke.* Farewell *Cariola.*
In my laſt will, I have not much to give

A many hungry gueſts, have fed upon me,
Thine will be a poor reverſion. *Car.* I will die with her.
Dutch. I pray-thee look thou giv'ſt my little boy
Some ſirrop for his cold, and let the girle
Say her prayers, ere ſhe ſleep. Now what you pleaſe,
What death? *Boſ.* Strangling, here are your executioners.
Dutch. I forgive them:
The appoplexie, eathar, or cough o'th'lungs,
Would do as much as they do.
Boſ. Doth not death fright you?
Dutch. Who would be afraid on't?
Knowing to meet ſuch exeellent company
In th'other world. *Boſ.* Yet, methinkes,
The manner of your death ſhould much afflict you
This cord ſhould terrifie you? *Dutch.* Not a whit,
What would it pleaſure me, to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be ſmothered
With Caſſia? or to be ſhot to death, with pearles?
I know death hath ten thouſand ſeverall doores
For men to take their *Exits:* and 'tis found
They goe on ſuch ſtrange geometrieall hinges,
You may open them both wayes: any way, (for heaven ſake)
So I were out of your whiſpering: Tell my brothers,
That I perceive death, (now I am well awake)
Beſt gift is, they can give, or I can take,
I would faine put off my laſt womans fault,
I'd not be tedious to you. *Exec.* We are ready.
Dutch. Diſpoſe my breath, how pleaſe you, but my body
Beſtow upon my women, will you? *Exec.* Yes.
Dutch. Pull, and pull ſtrongly, for your able ſtrength,
Muſt pull downe heaven upon me:
Yet ſtay, heaven gates are not ſo highly arch'd
As Princely palaces, they that enter there
Muſt go upon their knees: Come violent death,
Serve for *Mandragora*, to make me ſleepe;
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out, *They ſtrangle her.*
They then may feed in quiet.
Boſ. Where's the waiting woman?
Fetch her: Some other ſtrangle the children:
Looke you, there ſleeps your miſtris.

Car. Oh thou art damn'd
Perpetually for this: My turne is next,
Is't not ſo ordered? *Boſ.* Yes, I am glad
You are ſo well prepar'd for't. *Car.* You are deceiv'd ſir,
I am not prepar'd for't, I will not die,
I will come to my anſwere; and know
How I have offended. *Boſ.* Come diſpatch her:
You kept her counſell, now you ſhall keepe ours.
Car. I will not die, I muſt not, I am contracted
To a yong Gentleman.
Exec. Here's your wedding Ring.
Car. Let me but ſpeake with the Duke: I'le diſcover
Treaſon to his perſon. *Boſ.* Delayes: throttle her.
Exec. She bites, and ſcratches. *Car.* If you kill me now
I am damn'd: I have not bin at confeſſion
This two yeeres. *Boſ.* When?
Car. I am quicke with child. *Boſ.* Why then,
Your credit's ſav'd: beate her into th'next roome:
Let this lie ſtill. *Ferd.* Is ſhe dead? *Boſ.* She is what
You'l'd have her: But here begin your pity, *ſhewes the*
Alas, how have theſe offended? *children ſtrangled.*
Ferd. The death
Of young Wolfes, is never to be pittied.
Boſ. Fix your eye here. *Ferd.* Conſtantly.
Boſ. Do you not weep?
Other ſins, only ſpeake; Murther ſhreikes out:
The element of water, moiſtens the Earth,
But bloud flies upwards, and bedewes the Heavens.
Fer. Cover her face: mine eyes dazell: ſhe di'd young.
Boſ. I think not ſo: her infelicity
Seem'd to have yeares too many.
Ferd. She, and I were Twinnes:
And ſhould I die this inſtant, I had liv'd
Her time to a minute.
Boſ. It ſeemes ſhe was borne firſt:
You have bloudily approv'd the ancient truth,
That kindred commonly do worſe agree
Than remote ſtrangers. *Fer.* Let me ſee her face again;
Why didſt not thou pitty her: what an excellent
Honeſt man, might'ſt thou have been

If thou hadſt borne her to ſome ſanctuary?
Or (bold in a good cauſe) oppoſ'd thy ſelfe
With thy advanced ſword above thy head,
Between her innocency, and my revenge?
I bad thee, when I was diſtracted of my wits,
Go kill my deareſt friend, and thou haſt don't.
For let me but examine well the cauſe;
What was the meanneſſe of her match to me?
Onely I muſt confeſſe, I had a hope
(Had ſhe continu'd widow) to have gain'd
An infinite maſſe of Treaſure by her death:
And what was the main cauſe; her Mariage,
That drew a ſtreame of gall quite through my
Heart; for thee, (as we obſerve in Tragedies
That a good Actor many times is curſſ'd
For playing a villains part) I hate thee for't: and
(For my ſake) ſay thou haſt done much ill, well:

Boſ. Let me quicken your memory: for I
Perceive you are falling into ingratitude: I
Challenge the reward due to my ſervice.

Ferd. I'le tell thee,
What I'le give thee. *Boſ.* Doe:

Ferd. I'le give thee a pardon for this murther:

Boſ. Hah? *Ferd.* Yes: and 'tis
The largeſt bounty I can ſtudy to do thee.
By what authority didſt thou execute
This bloudy ſervice? *Boſ.* By yours,

Ferd. Mine? was I her Iudge?
Did any ceremoniall form of law,
Doomb her to not-Being? did a compleat Iury
Deliver her conviction up i'th Court?
Where ſhalt thou find this Iudgment regiſtred,
Vnleſſe in hell? See: like a bloudy foole
Th'haſt forfeited thy life, and thou ſhalt dy for't.

Boſ. The office of juſtice is perverted quite
When one theeſe hangs another: who ſhall dare
To reveale this: *Ferd.* Oh, I'le tell thee:
The wolfe ſhall finde her grave, and ſcrape it up
Not to devoure the corps, but to diſcover
The horrid murther.

Boſ. You; not I ſhall quake for't. *Ferd.* Leave me:
Boſ. I will firſt receive my Penſion.
Ferd. You are a villaine: *Boſ.* When your ingratitude
Is Iudge, I am ſo; *Ferd.* O horror!
That not the feare of him, which bindes the divels
Can preſcribe man obedience.
Never looke upon me more. *Boſ.* Why fare thee well:
Your brother, and your ſelf, are worthy men;
You have a paire of hearts, are hollow Graves,
Rotten, and rotting others: and your vengeance,
(Like two chain'd-bullets) ſtill goes arme in arme,
You may be Brothers: for treaſon, like the plague,
Doth take much in a bloud: I ſtand like one
That long hath ta'ne a ſweet, and golden dreame.
I am angry with my ſelfe, now that I wake.
Ferd. Get thee into ſome unknown part o'th' world
That I may never ſee thee. *Boſ.* Let me know
Wherefore I ſhould be thus neglected? ſir,
I ſerv'd your tyranny: and rather ſtrove,
To ſatisfie your ſelfe, then all the world;
And though I loath'd the evill, yet I lov'd
You that did councell it: and rather ſought
To appeare a true ſervant, then an honeſt man.
Ferd. I'le goe hunt the Badger by Owle-light:
'Tis a deed of darkneſſe. *Exit.*
Boſ. He's much diſtracted: Off my painted honour,
While with vaine hopes, our faculties we tyre,
We ſeeme to ſweat in yce, and freeze in fire;
What would I do, were this to do againe?
I would not change my peace of conſcience
For all the wealth of Europe: She ſtirs; here's life:
Returne (faire ſoule) from darkneſſe, and leade mine
Out of this ſencible hell: She's warme, ſhe breathes:
Vpon thy pale lips I will melt my heart
To ſtore them with freſh colour: who's there?
Some cordiall drinke, Alas! I dare not call:
So pity, would deſtroy pity: her Eye opes,
And heaven in it, ſeems to ope, (that late was ſhut,
To take me up to mercy. *Dutch. Antonio.*
Boſ. Yes (Madam) he is living,

The dead bodies you ſaw, were but faign'd ſtatues;
He's reconcil'd to your brothers: the Pope hath wrought
The attonement. *Duc.* Mercy. *She dies.*
Boſ. Oh, ſhe's gone againe: there the cords of life broke:
Oh ſacred Innocence, that ſweetly ſleeps
On Turtles feathers: whilſt a guilty conſcience
Is a blacke Regiſter, wherein is writ
All our good deeds, and bad: a Perſpective
That ſhewes us hell; that we cannot be ſuffer'd
To doe good when we have a minde to it?
This is manly ſorrow:
Theſe teares, I am very certaine, never grew
In my mothers milke. My eſtate is ſunke
Below the degree of feare: where were
Theſe penitent fountaines, while ſhe was living?
Oh, they were frozen up: here is a ſight
As direfull to my ſoule, as is the ſword
Unto a wretch hath ſlaine his father: Come I'le beare thee hence,
And execute thy will; that's deliver
Thy body to the reverend diſpoſe
Of ſome good women: that the cruell tyrant
Shall not deny me: Then I'le poſt to *Millaine*,
Where ſomewhat I will ſpeedily enact
Worth my dejection.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Antonio, Delio, Peſcara, Julia.

Ant. What thinke you of my hope of reconcilement
To the *Arragonian* brethren? *Del.* I miſdoubt it;
For though they have ſent their letters of ſafe conduct
For your repaire to *Millaine*, they appeare
But Nets, to entrap you: The Marquis of *Peſcara*,
Under whom you hold certaine land in Cheit,
Much 'gainſt his noble nature, hath bin mov'd
To ſeize thoſe lands, and ſome of his dependants
Are at this inſtant, making it their ſuit
To be inveſted in your revenues.
I cannot thinke, they meane well to your life,
That doe deprive you of your meanes of life,

Your living. *Ant.* You are ſtill an heretique.
To any ſafety, I can ſhape my ſelfe.
Del. Here comes the Marquis: I will make my ſelfe
Petitioner for ſome part of your land,
To know whither it is flying. *Ant.* I pray do.
Del. Sir, I have a ſuit to you. *Peſc.* To me.
Del. An eaſie one:
There is the Cittadell of St. *Bennet*,
With ſome demeaſnes, of late in the poſſeſſion
Of *Antonio Bologna*, pleaſe you beſtow them on me?
Peſc. You are my friend: But this is ſuch a ſuit,
Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take. *Del.* No fit?
Peſc. I will give you ample reaſon for't,
Soon in private: Her's the Cardinalls Miſtris.
Jul. My Lord, I am grown your poor petitioner,
And ſhould be an ill begger, had I not
A Great mans letter, here (the Cardinals)
To Court you in my favour.
Peſc. He entreats for you
The Cittadell of St. *Bennet*, that belong'd
To the baniſh'd *Bologna*. *Jul.* Yes:
Peſc. I could not have thought of a friend, I could
Rather pleaſure with it: 'tis yours: *Jul.* Sir, I thank you:
And he ſhall know how doubly I am engag'd
Both in your gift, and ſpeedineſſe of giving,
Which makes your grant, the greater. *Exit.*
Ant. How they fortifie
Themſelves with my ruine? *Del.* Sir: I am
Little bound to you: *Peſc.* Why.
Del. Becauſe you denide this ſuit, to me, and gav't
To ſuch a creature. *Peſ.* Do you know what it was?
It was *Antonio's* land: not forfeited
By courſe of law; but raviſh'd from his throat
By the Cardinals entreaty: it were not fit
I ſhould beſtow ſo maine a peece of wrong
Vpon my friend: 'tis a gratification
Only due to a ſtrumpet: for it is injuſtice;
Shall I ſprinkle the pure bloud of Innocents
To make thoſe followers, I call my friends
Looke ruddier upon me? I am glad

This

This land, (ta'ne from the owner by ſuch wrong)
Returnes againe unto ſo foule an uſe,
As Salary for his luſt. Learne, (good *Delio*)
To aske noble things of me, and you ſhall find
I'le be a noble giver. *Del.* You inſtruct me well:
Ant. Why, here's a man now, would fright
Impudence from ſawcieſt Beggers.
Peſc. Prince *Ferdinand's* come to *Millaine*
Sick (as they give out) of an Appoplexie:
But ſome ſay, 'tis a frenzy; I am going to viſit him. *Ex.*
Ant. 'Tis a noble old fellow:
Del. What courſe do you mean to take, *Antonio*?
Ant. This night, I mean to venture all my fortune
(Which is no more, then a poor lingring life)
To the Cardinals worſt of malice: I have got
Private acceſſe to his chamber: and intend
To viſit him, about the mid of night.
(As once his brother did our noble Dutcheſſe.)
It may be that the ſudden apprehenſion
Of danger (for I'le goe in mine own ſhape)
When he ſhall ſee it fraight with love and duty,
May draw the poyſon out of him, and work
A friendly reconcilement; if it faile;
Yet, it ſhall rid me of this infamous calling,
For better fall once, then be ever falling.
Del. I'll ſecond you in all danger: and (how ere)
My life keeps ranke with yours.
Ant. You are ſtill my lov'd, and beſt friend. *Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

Peſcara, a Doctor, Ferdinand, Cardinall, Malateſte, Boſola, Iulia.

Peſc. Now Doctor; may I viſit your patient?
Doctor. If't pleaſe your Lordſhip: but he's inſtantly
To take the ayre here in the Gallery, by my direction.
Peſc. Pray-thee, what's his diſeaſe?
Doc. A very peſtilent diſeaſe (my Lord)
They call *Lycanthropia*. *Peſc.* What's that?
I need a Dictionary to't. *Doc.* I'le tell you:
In theſe that are poſſeſſ'd with't, there ore-flowes
Such melancholly humour, they imagine

Them-

Themſelves to be transformed into Woolves,
Steale forth to Church-yards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up: as two nights ſince
One met the Duke, 'bout mid-night in a lane
Behind St. *Markes* Church, with the leg of a man
Upon his ſhoulder; and he howl'd fearefully:
Said he was a Woolffe: only the difference
Was, a Woolves skinne is hairy on the out-ſide,
His on the in-ſide: bad them take their ſwords,
Rip up his fleſh, and try: ſtraight I was ſent for,
And having miniſter'd unto him, found his Grace
Very well recovered. *Peſc.* I am glad on't.
Duch. Yet not without ſome feare
Of a relaps: if he grow to his fit againe,
Than ever *Peracleſus* dream'd of: If
They'll give me leave I'le buffet his madnes out of him.
Stand aſide, he comes. *Ferd.* Leave me.
Mal. Why doth your Lordſhip uſe this ſolitarines?
Ferd. Eagles commonly flye alone: They are Crowes, Dawes, and
Sterlings that flocke together: Looke, what's that,
Followes me? *Mal.* Nothing (my Lord)
Ferd. Yes. *Mal.* 'Tis your ſhadow.
Ferd. Stay it, let it not haunt me.
Mal. Impoſſible; if you move, and the Sun ſhine.
Ferd. I will throttle it.
Mal. Oh, my Lord: you are angry with nothing.
Ferd. You are a foole:
How is't poſſible I ſhould catch my ſhadow,
Unleſſe I fall upon't? When I go to hell,
I meane to carry a bribe: for looke you
Good gifts evermore make way, for the worſt perſons.
Peſc. Riſe good my Lord,
Ferd. I am ſtudying the Art of patience.
Peſc. 'Tis a Noble Vertue.
Ferd. To drive ſixe Snailes before me, from this towne
To *Moſco*; neither uſe Goad, nor whip to them,
But let them take their owne time: (the patient'ſt man i'th'world
Match me for an experiment) and I'le crawle after
Like a ſheepe-biter. *Card.* Force him up.
Ferd. Uſe me well, you were beſt:

What

What I have done, I have done: I'le confeſſe nothing.

Doctor. Now let me come to him: Are you mad
(My Lord?) are you out of your Princely wits?

Ferd. What's he? *Peſc.* Your Doctor.

Ferd. Let me have his beard ſaw'd off, and his eye
Browes fill'd more civill.

Doct. I muſt do mad trickes with him,
For that's the only way on't. I have brought
Your grace a Salamanders skin, to keep you
From ſun-burning. *Ferd.* I have cruell ſore eyes.

Doct. The white of a Cockatrixes egge, is preſent remedy.

Ferd. Let it be a new laid one, you were beſt:
Hide me from him: Phyſitians are like Kings,
They brooke no contradiction.

Doct. Now he begins to feare me,
Now let me alone with him.

Card. How now, put off your gowne?

Doct. Let me have ſome forty urinalls fill'd with Roſe-water?
He, and I'le go pelt one another with them,
Now he begins to feare me: Can you fetch a friske ſir?
Let him go, let him go upon my perill:
I find by his eye, he ſtands in awe of me,
I'le make him, as tame as a Dormouſe.

Ferd. Can you fetch your friskes, ſir? I will ſtampe him into a
Flea off his skin, to cover one of the Anatomies, (Cullice:
This rogue hath ſet i th'cold yonder, in Barber Chyrurgeons hall:
Hence, hence, you are all of you, like beaſts for ſacrifice.
There's nothing left of you, but tongue and belly,
Flattery and leachery.

Peſ. Doctor, he did not feare you throughly.

Doct. True, I was ſomewhat too forward.

Buſ. Mercy upon me, what a fatall judgement
Hath falne upon this *Ferdinand?* *Peſ.* Knowes your grace
What accident hath brought unto the Prince,
This ſtrange diſtraction?

Card. I muſt faigne ſomewhat: Thus they ſay it grew,
You have heard it rumor'd for theſe many yeeres,
None of our family dies, but there is ſeene
The ſhape of an old woman, which is given
By tradition, to us, to have bin murther'd

By her Nephewes, for her riches: Such a figure
One night (as the Prince ſate up late at's booke)
Appear'd to him, when crying out for helpe,
The gentleman of's Chamber, found his grace
All on a cold ſweat, alter'd much in face
And language: Since which apparition,
He hath growne worſe and worſe, and I much feare
He cannot live. *Boſ.* Sir, I would ſpeake with you.
Peſe. We'll leave your grace,
Wiſhing to the ſicke Prince, our Noble Lord,
All health of minde, and body.
Card. You are moſt welcome:
Are you come? ſo, this fellow muſt not know
By any meanes I had intelligence
In our Dutcheſſe death: For (though I counſell'd it)
The full of all th'agreement ſeem'd to grow
From *Ferdinand*: Now ſir, how fares our ſiſter?
I do not thinke but ſorrow makes her looke
Like to an oft di'd garment: She ſhall now
Taſte comfort from me: why do you look ſo wildely?
Oh, the fortune of your maſter here, the Prince
Dejects you, but be you of happy comfort:
If you'll do one thing for me, I'le intreate
Though he had a cold tombe-ſtone ore his bones
I'll'd make you what you ſhou'd be *Boſ.* Any thing,
Give me it in a breath, and let me flye to't:
They that thinke long, ſmall expedition win,
For muſing much o'th'end, cannot begin.
Jul. Sir, will you come in to ſupper?
Card. I am buſie, leave me
Jul. What an excellent ſhape hath that fellow? *Exit.*
Card. 'Tis thus: *Antonio* lurkes here in *Millaine*,
Enquire him out, and kill him: while he lives,
Our ſiſter cannot marry, and I have thought
Of an excellent match for her: do this, and ſtile me
Thy advancement.
Boſ. By what meanes ſhall I finde him out?
Card. There's a gentleman call'd *Delio*
Here in the Campe, that hath bin long a prov'd
His loyall friend: Set eye upon that fellow.

Follow

Follow him to Maſſe, may be *Antonio*,
Although he do accompt religion
But a Schoole-name, for faſhion of the world,
May accompany him; or elſe go enquire out
Delio's Confeſſor, and ſee if you can bribe
Him to reveale it: there are a thouſand wayes
A man might find to trace him: As to know,
What fellowes haunt the Iewes, for taking up
Great ſummes of money, for ſure he's in want;
Or elſe to go to th'Picture-makers, and learne
Who brought her Picture lately, ſome of theſe
Happily may take. *Boſ.* Well, I'le not freeze i'th'buſines,
I would ſee that wretched thing, *Antonio*,
Above all ſights i'th'world. *Card.* Do, and be happy. *Exit.*

Boſ. This fellow doth breed Baſiliskes in's eyes,
He's nothing elſe, but murder; yet he ſeemes
Not to have notice of the Dutcheſſe death:
'Tis his cunning: I muſt follow his example,
There cannot be a ſurer way to trace,
Than that of an old Fox.

Iul. So, ſir, you are well met. *Boſ.* How now?

Iul. Nay, the doores are faſt enough:
Now Sir, I will make you confeſſe your treachery.

Boſ. Treachery? *Iul.* Yes, confeſſe to me
Which of my women 'twas you h'r'd, to put
Love-powder into my drinke?

Boſ. Love-powder?

Iul. Yes, when I was at *Malfy*,
Why ſhould I fall in love with ſuch a face elſe?
I have already ſuffer'd for thee ſo much paine,
The only remedy to do me good,
Is to kill my longing.

Boſ. Sure your Piſtoll holds
Nothing but perfumes, or kiſſing comfits: excellent Lady,
You have a pretty way on't to diſcover
Your longing: Come, come, I'le diſarme you,
And arme you thus, yet this is wondrous ſtrange.

Iul. Compare thy forme, and my eyes together,
You'll find my love no ſuch great miracle: Now you'll ſay
I am wanton: This nice modeſty, in Ladies

Is but a troublesome familiar,
That haunts them.

Bos. Know you me, I am a blunt souldier. *Jul.* The better,
Sure, there wants fire, where there are no lively sparkes
Of roughnesse. *Bos.* And I want complement.

Jul. Why ignorance in court-ship cannot make you do amisse,
If you have a heart to do well. *Bos.* You are very faire.

Jul. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,
I must plead ungailty. *Bos.* Your bright eyes
Carry a Quiver of darts in them, sharper
Than Sun-beames.

Jul. You will mar me with commendation,
Put your selfe to the charge of courting me,
Whereas now I woe you.

Bos. I have it, I will work upon this Creature,
Let us grow most amorously familiar:
If the great Cardinall now should see me thus,
Would he not count me a villaine?

Jul. No, he might count me a wanton,
Not lay a scruple of offence on you:
For if I see, and steale a Diamond,
The fault is not i'th'stone but in me the theef,
That purloines it: I am suddaine with you,
We that are great women of pleasure, use to cut off
These uncertaine wishes, and unquiet longings,
And in an instant joyne the sweet delight
And the prity excuse together: had you bin i'th'street,
I should have courted you.

Bos. Oh, you are an excellent Lady.

Jul. Bid me do somewhat for you presently,
To expresse I love you.

Bos. I will, and if you love me,
Faile not to effect it: The Cardinall is grown wondrous mellan-
Demand the cause, let him not put you off, (cholly,
With slight excuse, discover the maine ground on't.

Jul. Why would you know this?

Bos. I have depended on him,
And I heare that he is fa'ne in some disgrace
With the Emperor, if he be like the mice
That forsake falling houses, I would shift

To

To other dependance.

Jul. You ſhall not need follow the wars,
I'll be your maintenance.

Boſ. And I your loyall ſervant,
But I cannot leave my calling. *Jul.* Not leave an
Ungratfull Generall, for the love of a ſweet Lady?
You are like ſome, cannot ſleep in feather-beds,
But muſt have blocks for their pillows.

Boſ. Will you do this? *Jul.* Cunningly.

Boſ. To morrow I'll expect th'intelligence.

Jul. To morrow? get you into my Cabinet,
You ſhall have it with you: do not delay me,
No more than I do you: I am like one
That is condemn'd: I have my pardon promis'd.
But I would ſee it ſeal'd: Go, get you in,
You ſhall ſee me wind my tongue about his heart,
Like a skeine of ſilke.

Car. Where are you? *Serv.* Here.

Car. Let none upon your lives
Have conference with the Prince *Ferdinand*,
Unleſſe I know it: In this diſtraction
He may reveale the murther:
Yond's my lingring conſumption:
I am weary of her; and by any meanes
Would be quit off. *Jul.* How now, my Lord?
What ailes you? *Car.* Nothing.

Jul. Oh, you are much altered:
Come, I muſt be your Secretary, and remove
This lead from off your boſome, what's the matter?

Car. I may not tell you.

Jul. Are you ſo far in love with ſorrow,
You cannot part, with part of it? or think you
I cannot love your grace, when you are ſad,
As well as merry? or do you ſuſpect
I, that have bin a ſecret to your heart,
Theſe many winters, cannot be the ſame
Unto your tongue?

Card. Satisfie thy longing,
The only way to make thee keep my councell,
Is not to tell thee. *Jul.* Tell your Eccho this,

Or flatterers, that (like ecchoes) ſtill report
What they heare (though moſt imperfect) and not meet
For, if that you be true unto your ſelfe,
I'll know. *Car.* Will you rack me?
Jul. No, judgement ſhall
Draw it from you: It is an equall fault,
To tell ones ſecrets, unto all, or none.
Card. The firſt argues folly.
Jul. But the laſt tyranny.
Car. Very wel, why imagine I have committed
Some ſecret deed, which I deſire the world
May never heare of?
Jul. Therefore may not I know it?
You have conceal'd for me as great a ſin
As adultery: Sir, I beſeech you.
For perfect triall of my conſtancy
Till now: ſir, I beſeech you.
Card. You'll repent it. *Jul.* Never.
Card. It hurries thee to ruine: I'll not tell thee,
Be well adviſ'd, and thinke what danger 'tis
To receive a Princes ſecrets: they that do,
Had need have their breaſts hood'd with adamant
To containe them: I pray thee yet be ſatisfi'd,
Examine thine own frailty, 'tis more eaſie
To tie knots, then unlooſe them: 'tis a ſecret
That (like a lingring poyſon) may chance lie
Spread in thy vaines, and kill thee ſeven yeare hence.
Jul. Now you dally with me.
Card. No more, thou ſhalt know it.
By my appointment, the great Dutcheſſe of *Malfy*,
And two of her young children, foure nights ſince
Were ſtrangled.
Jul. Oh heaven! ſir, what have you done?
Card. How now? how ſettles this? think you your
Boſome will be a grave, darke and obſcure enough
For ſuch a ſecret?
Jul. You have undone your ſelfe, ſir.
Car. Why? *Jul.* It lies not in me to conceale it.
Car. No? come, I will ſwear you to't upon this book,
Jul. Moſt religiouſly. *Card.* Kiſſe it.

Now

Now you ſhall never utter it, thy curioſity
Hath undone thee: thou'rt poyſon'd with that book,
Becauſe I knew thou couldſt not keep my councell,
I have bound thee to't by death.
Boſ. For pitty ſake, hold. *Card.* Ha, *Boſola?*
Jul. I forgive you,
This equall piece of Juſtice you have done:
For I betraid your councell to that fellow,
He over heard it; that was the cauſe I ſaid
It lay not in me, to conceale it.
Boſ. Oh, fooliſh woman,
Couldſt not thou have poyſon'd him?
Jul. 'Tis weakeneſſe,
Too much to thinke what ſhould have bin done,
I go, I know not whither.
Card. Wherefore com'ſt thou hither?
Boſ. That I might find a great man, (like your ſelf;)
Not out of his wits (as the Lord *Ferdinand*)
To remember my ſervice.
Card. I'll have thee hew'd in pieces.
Boſ. Make not your ſelfe ſuch a promiſe of that life
Which is not yours, to diſpoſe of.
Card. Who plac'd thee here.
Boſ. Her luſt, as ſhe intended.
Car. Very well, now you know me for your fellow murderer.
Boſ. And wherefore ſhould you lay faire marble colours,
Upon your rotten purpoſes to me?
Unleſſe you imitate ſome that do plot great treaſons,
And when they have done, go hide themſelves i'th' graves,
Of thoſe were Actors in't? *Card.* No more,
There is a fortune attends thee.
Boſ. Shall I go ſue a fortune any longer?
Tis the fooles Pilgrimage.
Card. I have honors in ſtore for thee.
Boſ. There are many wayes that conduct to ſeeming
Honor, and ſome of them very durty ones.
Card. Throw to the devill
Thy mellancholy, the fire burnes well,
What need we keep a ſtirring of't, and make
A great ſmoother? thou wilt kill *Antonio?*

Bos. Yes. *Card.* Take up that body.
Bos. I thinke I ſhall
Shortly grow the common Beare, for Church-yards?
Card. I will allow thee ſome dozen of attendants,
To aid thee in the murther. *Bos.* Oh, by no meanes,
Phyſitians that apply horſe-leeches to any rancke ſwelling,
Uſe to cut of their tailes; that the bloud may run through them
The faſter: Let me have no traine, when I go to ſhed bloud,
Leaſt it make me have a greater, when I ride to the Gallowes.
Card. Come to me after midnight, to helpe to remove that body
To her own lodging: I'll give out ſhe died o'th' Plague;
'T will breed the leſſe enquiry after her death.
Bos. Where's *Caſtruchio*, her husband?
Card. He's rode to *Naples* to take poſſeſſion
Of *Antonio*'s Cittadell.
Bos. Beleeve me, you have done a very happy turn.
Card. Faile not to come: There is the Maſter-key
Of our Lodgings: and by that you may conceive
What truſt I plant in you. *Exit.*
Bos. You ſhall find me ready.
Oh, poore *Antonio*, though nothing be ſo needfull
To thy eſtate, as pitty, Yet I find
Nothing ſo dangerous: I muſt look to my footing;
In ſuch ſlippery yce-pavements, men had need
To be froſt-nayld well: they may break their neeks elſe.
The Preſident's here afore me: how this man
Beares up in Bloud? ſeemes ſcarleſſe? why, 'tis well:
Security ſome men call the Suburbs of Hell,
Only a dead wall between. Well (good *Antonio*)
I'll ſeek thee out; and all my care ſhall be
To put thee into ſafety from the reach
Of theſe moſt cruell biters, that have got
Some of thy bloud already. It may be,
I'll joyne with thee, in a moſt juſt revenge.
The weakeſt arme is ſtrong enough, that ſtrikes
With the ſword of Juſtice: Still me thinkes the Dutcheſſe
Haunts me: there, there: 'tis nothing but my mellancholy.
O Penitence, let me truely taſt thy Cup,
That throwes men down, only to riſe them up. *Exit.*

SCEN.

SCENA. III.

Antonio, Delio, Eccho, (from the Dutcheſſe graue.)

Del. Yond's the Cardinal's window: This fortification
Grew from the ruines of an ancient Abbey:
And to yond ſide o'th'river, lies a wall
(Piece of a Cloyſter) which in my opinion
Gives the beſt Eccho, that you ever heard?
So hollow, and ſo diſmall, and withall
So plaine in the diſtinction of our words,
That many have ſuppos'd it is a Spirit
That anſwers.

Ant. I do love theſe ancient ruines:
We never tread upon them, but we ſet
Our foot upon ſome reverend Hiſtory,
And queſtionleſſe, here in this open Court
(Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of ſtormy weather) ſome lye enterr'd
Lov'd the Church ſo well, and gave ſo largely to't,
They thought it ſhould have canopide their bones
Till Doombs-day: but all things have their end:
Churches and Cities (which have diſeaſes like to men)
Muſt have like death that we have.

Eccho Like death that we have.

Del. Now the *Eccho* hath caught you.

Ant. It groan'd (me thought) and gave
A very deadly accent?

Ecc. Deadly accent.

Del. I told you 'twas a pretty one: You may make it:
A Huntes-man, or a Faulconer, a Muſitian,
Or a thing of ſorrow.

Ecc. A thing of Sorrow.

Ant. I ſure: that ſuites it beſt.

Ecc. That ſuites it beſt.

Ant. 'Tis very like my wives voyce.

Ecc. I, wifes-voyce.

Del Come, let's us walke farther from't:
I would not have you to'th'*Cardinals* to night:

Were

Doe not. *Eccho. Do not.*

Del. Wisdome doth not more moderate, wasting sorrow
Than time: take time for't: be mindfull of thy safety.

Ec. Be mindfull of thy safety.

Ant. Necessity compels me;
Make scrutenty throughout the passes
Of your owne life; you'll find it impossible
To flye your fate. *O flye your fate.*

Del. Harke: the dead stones seeme to have pity on you
And give you good counsell.

Ant. Eccho, I will not talke with thee;
For thou art a dead Thing.

Eccho. Thou art a dead Thing.

Ant. My Duchesse is asleepe now,
And her little-Ones, I hope sweetly: oh heaven
Shall I never see her more?

Eccho. Never see her more.

Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the *Eccho,*
But that: and on the sudden, a cleare light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

Del. Your fancy; meerely.

Ant. Come: I'le be out of this Ague;
For to live thus, is not indeed to live:
It is a mockery and abuse of life,
I will not henceforth save my selfe by halves,
Lose all, or nothing. *Del.* Your own vertue save you:
I'le fetch your eldest sonne, and second you:
It may be that the sight of his owne blood
Spread into so sweet a figure, may beget
The more compassion.
How ever, fare you well:
Though in our miseries, Fortune have a part,
Yet, in our noble sufferings, she hath none,
Contempt of paine, that we may call our owne. *Exit.*

SCENA IIII.

Cardinall, Pescara, Malateste, Rodorigo, Grisolan, Bosola, Ferdinand, Antonio, Servant.

Card. You shall not watch to night by the sicke Prince,
His Grace is very well recover'd.

Mal.

Mal. Good my Lord ſuffer us.

Card. Oh, by no meanes:
The noiſe, and change of object in his eye,
Doth more diſtract him: I pray, all to bed,
And though you heare him in his violent fit,
Do not riſe, I intreat you. *Peſ.* So ſir, we ſhall not.

Card. Nay, I muſt have you promiſe
Upon your honors, for I was enjoyn'd to't
By himſelfe; and he ſeem'd to urge it ſencibly.

Peſ. Let our honors binde this trifle.

Card. Nor any of your followers. *Mal.* Neither.

Card. It may be to make triall of your promiſe
When he's aſleepe, my ſelfe will riſe, and faigne
Some of his mad trickes, and cry out for helpe,
And faigne my ſelfe in danger.

Mal. If your throat were cutting,
I'll'd not come at you, now I have proteſted againſt it.

Card. Why, I thanke you.

Griſ. 'Twas a foule ſtorme to night.

Rod. The Lord *Ferdinand*'s chamber, ſhooke like an Ozier.

Mal. 'Twas nothing but pure kindneſſe in the devill,
To rocke his owne childe. *Exeunt.*

Card. The reaſon why I would not ſuffer theſe
About my brother, is, becauſe at midnight
I may with better privacy, convay
Julias body, to her owne lodging: O, my Conſcience!
I would pray now: but the devill takes away my heart
For having any confidence in prayer.
About this houre, I appointed *Boſola*
To fetch the body: when he hath ſerv'd my turne,
He dies. *Exit.*

Boſ. Hah? 'twas the Cardinals voyce: I heard him name,
Boſola, and my death: liſten, I heare ones footing.

Ferd. Strangling is a very quiet death.

Boſ. Nay then I ſee, I muſt ſtand upon my Guard.

Ferd. What ſay to that? whiſper, ſoftly: doe you agree to't?
So it muſt be done i'th'darke: the Cardinall
Would not for a thouſand pounds, the Doctor ſhould ſee it. *Exit.*

Boſ. My death is plotted; here's the conſequence of murther.
We value not deſert, nor Chriſtian breath,

When we know blacke deeds, muſt be cur'd with death.

Serv. Here ſtay, ſir, and be confident, I pray:
I'll fetch you a dark Lanthorne. *Exit.*

Ant. cold I take him at his prayers,
There were hope of pardon.

Boſ. Fall right my ſword:
I'll not give thee ſo much leyſure, as to pray.

Ant. Oh, I am gone: Thou haſt ended a long ſuit,
In a minute. *Boſ.* What art thou?

Ant. A moſt wretched thing,
That only have thy benefit in death,
To appeare my ſelfe. *Ser.* Where are you, ſir,

Ant. very neere my home: *Boſola?*

Serv. Oh, misfortune.

Boſ. Smother thy pitty, thou art dead elſe: *Antonio?*
The man I would have ſav'd 'bove mine own life?
We are meerely the Stars tennyes-balls (ſtrooke, and banded
Which way pleaſe them) oh good *Antonio*,
I'll whiſper one thing in thy dying eare,
Shall make thy heart breake quickly: Thy faire Dutcheſſe
And two ſweet Children.

Ant Their very names
Kindle a little life in me.

Boſ. Are murdered!

Ant. Some men have wiſht to die,
At the hearing of ſad tidings: I am glad
That I ſhall do't in ſadnes: I would not now
Wiſh my wounds balm'd, nor heal'd: for I have no uſe
To put my life to: In all our Queſt of Greatnes;
(Like wanton boyes, whoſe paſtime is their care)
We follow after bubbles blowne i'th'ayre.
Pleaſure of life, what is't? only the good houres
Of an Ague: meerely a preparative to reſt,
To endure vexation: I doe not aske
The proceſſe of my death: only commend me
To *Delio*.

Boſ. Breake heart:

Ant. And let my Sonne, flye the Courts of Princes.

Boſ. Thou ſeem'ſt to have lov'd *Antonio?*

Ser. I brought him hither,

To

To have reconcil'd him with the Cardinall.

Boſ. I doe not aske thee that:
Take him up, if thou tender thine owne life,
And beare him, where the Lady *Julia*
Was wont to lodge: Oh, my fate moves ſwift.
I have this Cardinall, in the forge already,
Now I'le bring him to th'hammer: (O direfull miſpriſion)
I will not imitate things glorious,
No more than baſe: I'le be mine owne example.
On, on, and looke thou repreſent, for ſilence,
The thing thou bear'ſt. *Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

Cardinall (with a booke) Boſola, Peſcara, Malateſte, Rodorigo, Ferdinand, Delio, Servants with Antonio's Body.

Card. I am pnzzell'd in a queſtion about hell:
He ſaies, in hell, there's one materiall fire,
And yet it ſhall not burne all men alike.
Lay him by, How tedious is a guilty conſcience?
When I looke into the Fiſh-ponds, in my Garden,
Me thinkes I ſee a thing, arm'd with a Rake,
That ſeemes to ſtrike at me: Now? art thou come? thou look'ſt (ghaſtly
There ſits in thy face, ſome great determination,
Mix'd with ſome feare.

Boſ. Thus it lightens into action:
I am come to kill thee.

Card. Hah? helpe: our Guard.

Boſ. Thou art deceiv'd:
They are out of thy howling.

Card. Hold: I will faithfully divide
Revennes with thee.

Boſ. Thy prayers, and proffers
Are both unſeaſonable.

Card. Raiſe the Watch: we are betraid.

Boſ. I have confinde your flight:
I'le ſuffer your retrait to *Julias* Chamber,
But no further.

Card. Helpe: we are betraid. *Mal.* Liſten.

Card. My Dukedome, for reſcew.

Rod. Fye upon his counterfeiting.

Mal. Why, 'tis not the Cardinall.
Rod. Yes, yes, 'tis he:
But I'le see him hang'd ere I'le go downe to him.
Card. Here's a plot upon me, I am assaulted: I am lost,
Unlesse some rescew.
Grisc. He doth this pretty well:
But it will not serve; to laugh me out of mine honor.
Card. The sword's at my throat:
Rod. You would not baule so loud then. (hand.
Mal. Come, come, let's go to bed: he told us thus much afore-
Pesc. He wish'd you should not come at him: but beleev't,
The accent of the voyce, sounds not in jest.
I'le downe to him, howsoever, and with engines
Force ope the doores. *Rod.* Let's follow him aloofe,
And note how the Cardinall will laugh at him. (doore
Bos. There's for you first: 'cause you shall not unbarracade the
To let in rescew. *He kills the Servant.*
Card. What cause hast thou to pursue my life?
Bos. Looke there. *Card. Antonio?*
Bos. Slaine by my hand unwittingly:
Pray, and be sudden: when thou kill'dst thy sister,
Thou tookst from Justice her most equall ballance,
And left her nought but the sword.
Card. O mercy.
Bos. Now it seemes thy greatnes was only outward:
For thou fall'st faster of thy selfe, than calamity
Can drive thee: I'le not waste longer time: There.
Card. Thou hast hurt me. *Bos.* Againe.
Card. Shall I die like a Levoret,
Without any resistance? helpe, helpe, helpe:
I am slaine.
Ferd. Th'allarum? give me a fresh horse:
Rall'y the vaunt-guard: or the day is lost:
Yeeld, yeeld: I give you the honor of Armes,
Shake my Sword over you, will you yeilde?
Card. Helpe me, I am your brother. *Ferd.* The devill?
My brother fight upon the adverse party? *He woundsthe Cardinall,*
Thereflies your ransome. *and (in the scuffle) gives*
Card. Oh Justice: *Bosola his deaths wound.*
I suffer now, for what hath former bin:

"Sorrow

"Sorrow is held the eldeſt child of ſin.
Ferd. Now you're brave fellowes:
Ceſars Fortune was harder than *Pompeys*:
Ceſar died in the armes of proſperity,
Pompey at the feet of diſgrace: you both died in the field,
The paine's nothing: paine many times, is taken away, with
The apprehenſion of greater, (as the tooth-ache with the ſight
Of a Barber, that comes to pull it out) there's Phyloſophy for you.
Boſ. Now my revenge is perfect: ſinke (thou maine cauſe
Of my undoing) the laſt part of my life,
Hath done me beſt ſervice. *He kills Ferdinand.*
Ferd. Give me ſome wet hay, I am broken winded,
I do account this world but a dog-kenell:
I will vault credit, and affect high pleaſures,
Boſ He ſeems to come to himſelfe, now he's ſo neer the bottome.
Ferd. My ſiſter, oh! my ſiſter, there's the cauſe on't.
"Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or luſt,
"Like Diamonds, we are cut with our owne duſt,
Card. Thou haſt thy payment too.
Boſ. Yes, I hold my weary ſoule in my teeth,
'Tis ready to part from me: I doe glory
That thou, which ſtoodſt like a huge Piramid
Begun upon a large, and ample baſe,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.
Peſc. How now (my Lord?)
Mal. Oh ſad diſaſter. *Rod.* How comes this?
Boſ. Revenge for the Dutcheſſe of *Malfy*, murdered
By th' *Arragonian* brethren: for *Antonio*,
Slaine by his hand: for luſtfull *Julia*,
Poyſon'd by this man: and laſtly, for my ſelfe,
(That was an Actor in the maine of all,
Much 'gainſt mine owne good nature, yet i'th'end
Neglected.)
Peſc. How now (my Lord?)
Card. Looke to my brother:
He gave us theſe large wounds, as we were ſtrugling
Here i'th'ruſhes: And now, I pray, let me
Be laid by, and never thought of.

Peſ.

Pes. How fatally (it seemes) he did withstand,
His owne rescew?

Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood,
How came *Antonio* by his death?

Bos. In a mist: I know not how,
Such a mistake, as I have often seene
In a play: Oh, I am gone,
We are only like dead walls, or vaulted graves,
That ruin'd, yeilds no eccho: Fare you well.
It may be paine, but no harme to me to die,
In so good a quarrell: Oh this gloomy world,
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darknes,
Doth (womanish, and fearefull) mankind live?
Let worthy minds, ne're stagger in distrust
To suffer death, or shame for what is just,
Mine is another voyage

Pes. The Noble *Delio*, as I came to th'Palace,
Told me of *Antonio*'s being here, and shew'd me
A pretty gentleman, his sonne and heire.

Mal. Oh Sir, you come too late.

Del. I heard so, and
Was arm'd for't ere I came: Let us make noble use
Of this great ruine; and joyne all our force
To establish this yong hopefull Gentleman
In's mothers right. These wretched eminent things
Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should one
Fall in a Frost, and leave his print in snow,
As soone as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both forme, and matter: I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great, for great men,
As when she's pleas'd, to make them Lords of truth:
"*Integrity of life, is fames best friend,*
Which nobly (beyond death) shall crowne the end. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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